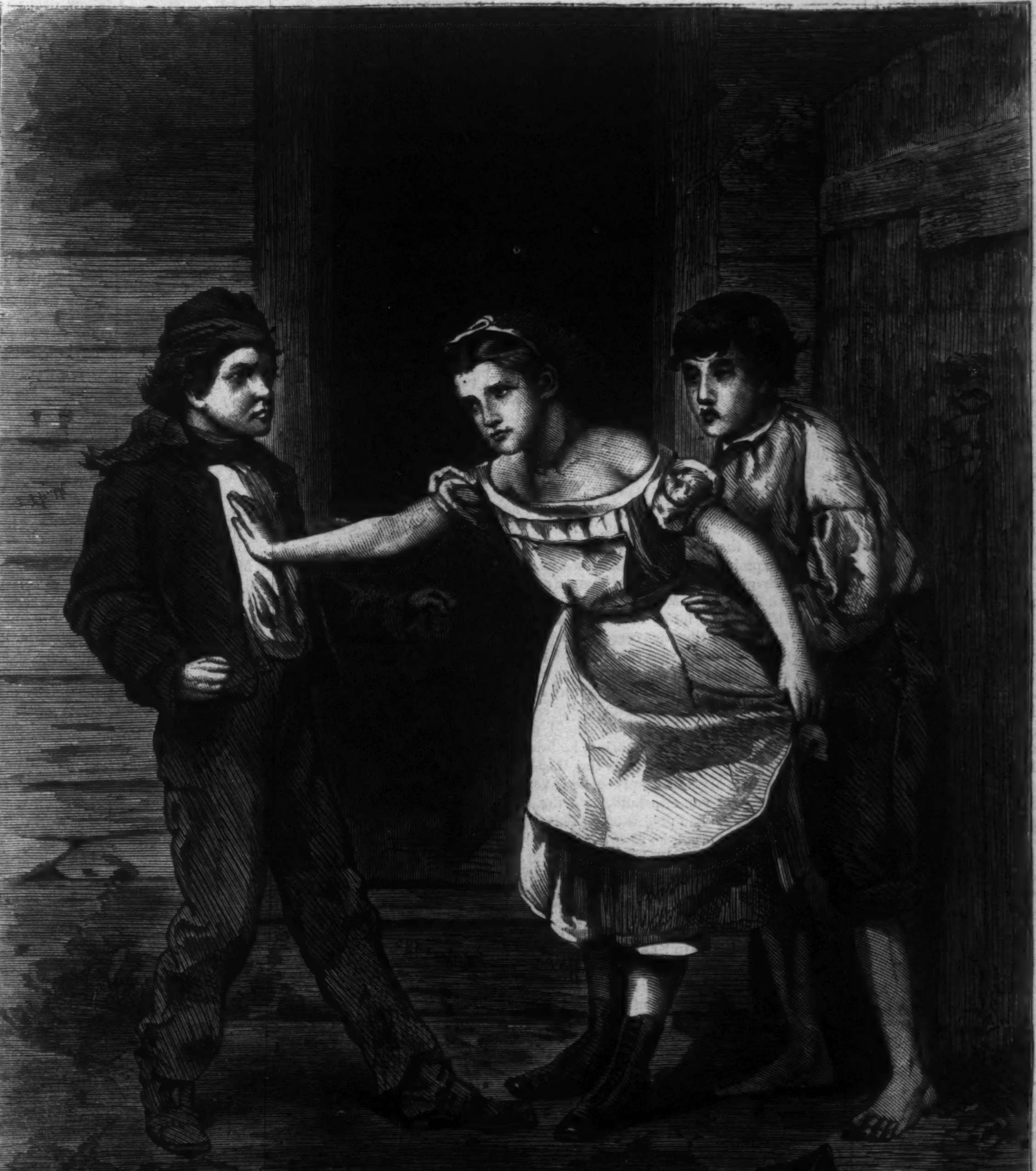
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 546.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACE MAKERS."

THE spirited and interesting picture which we give on this page under the above title is from a photograph of the original painting by J. G. BROWN, one of the most careful, vigorous, and versatile of our young artists, and who has already achieved a reputation in this department of art. We do not know by what title Mr. BROWN calls his work: it at once suggests the above in spite of a certain half-concealed expression of belligerency in the peace-maker's face, as if she were more than half disposed to engage the fierce antagonist of her timid-looking brother. Of course he is her brother, for young girls, like all the rest of humanity, having a sneaking admiration for bold natures, only interfere to protect brothers—except when they grow older and develop into young ladies; then they frequently take the part of lovers. The charm of the picture lies in the varied expressions of the three faces, illustrating the emotions of anger, fear, and resolution.



"BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS."—PAINTED BY J. G. BROWN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

THE JAPANESE JUGGLERS.

THE last excitement which amusement-seekers in New York have indulged in has been attendant upon the performances of MAGUIRE and RISLEY's Imperial Japanese troupe. The entertainment which is given by these saffron-faced Orientals is altogether unique. The genuineness of their nativity can scarcely be doubted, inasmuch as their testimonials are plainly inscribed upon their faces. The troupe numbers seventeen, three of them being females — the first of the sex, we are assured, that were ever permitted to leave Japan. These singular people, who realize in their exhibitions of skill, endurance, and ingenuity most of the stories we have heard of Eastern Jugglers, were only obtained for this country, as a particular and exclusive compliment from the Government of the Tycoon, by Professor RICHARD RISLEY, after a four-years' residence in that isolated section of the globe, and was the reward of unceasing diplomacy. The Imperial leave was then obtained through the intercession of our Minister to Japan, General VAN VALKENBERG, the United States Consul, and Mr. EDWARD BANKS, late an United States official to that country, who was a particular friend of the Professor's, and who proved his interest and attachment in this instance. Mr. BANKS, who is an accomplished Japanese scholar, accompanies the troupe as interpreter. After a very large security had been deposited for the return of the artists within a given time the little party was allowed to depart from Yokahama, and it landed in San Francisco seven months ago. In that city the jugglers appeared at the Opera-house and gave forty performances. The success which they thus won at the outset induced Mr. MAGUIRE, the leading manager of the Occidental City, to purchase a large interest in the enterprise. From California the Imperial Japanese came East, and several weeks ago made their début in New York, at the Academy of Music, to the largest audience that had ever crowded the new Opera-house.

The performance which is given by these Japanese Jugglers (who were attached to the Imperial household, just as actors in England used to be "servants of His Majesty") is both unique and defiant. One dusky acrobat balances a slender bamboo pole, thirty feet high, on his shoulder, while a youngster — who has earned the sobriquet of "All Right" from shouting that expression at all possible moments—mounts to the summit of the pole and goes through a number of apish tricks with marvelous indifference to his own peril and the enthusiasm of beholders. These same parties perform with a ladder, which appears to the eye safe and entire, but which falls apart the instant the youngster reaches the top step, leaving him isolated in mid-air. From this the little fellow takes a terrific flight from the proscenium arch of the Academy to the balcony—a swing of nearly 150 feet. There is another juggler who walks on a slack rope without a balance-pole, and with a nonchalance that leads us to think he might walk the air as easily. The top-spinning tricks are also most incredible. A little feminine Japanese spins a top on a table, and then makes it traverse a slender thread to a box thirty feet off. Another Jap spins an ordinary top in the air, flings it ten yards over his head, and then catches it on the edge of a sword. There is also a fascinating little trick called "The Butterfly." The juggler tears a piece of paper into small fragments, out of two of which he makes a pair of artificial butterflies about the size of life. By the aid of fans he not only keeps these swimming in the air, but makes them settle on a bouquet, dart in and out of a vase, and float any where at his will. We illustrate several of these feats on page 376. We do not mention the mere acrobatic feats, nor those of Japanese magic. But they are all really unique. If there is any deception in the tricks they are still most ingenious; if there is none they are marvelous. During the entertainment music is produced from the musical instruments of Japan, which are of the most primitive order of guitar and drum.

Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, English Minister in Japan, in his entertaining book on the customs and people of that country, alludes to the skill of the Japanese jugglers, and describes many of the scenes to be nightly witnessed in the performances of MAGUIRE and RISLEY's troupe. He says that "top-spinning," as practiced by this troupe, "is followed as a profession in Japan, and very clever and wonderful are the performances of the professors. One of the most frequent, as well as the most curious, was their mode of throwing very large tops, so that while it appears to be going straight at the head of one of the spectators it is inevitably brought back to the hand of the thrower. When caught they take it by the spindle, apparently stop it, set it down, and it immediately recommences; they will balance it on any kind of surface—along a thin cord, and even on the edge of a Japanese sword. One of the most delicate of the performances consisted in making a top spin on the left hand, run up the arm, round the edge of the robe at the back of the neck, and down the other arm into the palm of the right hand, still spinning." In fact, the MAGUIRE and RISLEY troupe accomplish all and many more of the feats described by Sir R. ALCOCK, and reveal to us a phase of the interior life of Japan which can not be otherwise gained in this country, and which no one should miss seeing.

A branch of this troupe is now performing to large audiences at the Crosby Opera-house, in Chicago. The portion of the troupe now in this city will soon visit Europe.

THE JEROME PARK RACES.

THE spring meeting of the American Jockey Club at Jerome Park, which was begun on May 23 and concluded on May 25, was the most successful yet held, and the last day's racing was the most spirited yet seen on that course. Our illustration on page 380 is of the Handicap Hurdle-Race, which occurred on May 25, and which is thus described by the *Herald:*

"The race was for a distance of one and three-quarter miles over six hurdles. There were five entries, but three only came to the post when they were called on — Mr. M'DANIELS's black horse Blackbird, Mr. CAMERON's bay gelding Birague, and Mr. GATES's black mare Black Bess. Blackbird was the favorite against the field at two to one, his fine running at Secaucus a week before warranting that odds over horses that had never been tried here. The race was started on the inside track, the first hurdle being immediately under the Club-house at the point of the bluff, the second hurdle about midway around the lower turn, and the third about half-way up the homestretch. The start was a very good one, Birague getting off first, Blackbird second, and Black Bess last. Blackbird soon rushed to the front, and as he went over the first hurdle, about two lengths ahead of Birague, giving it a rap, however, by way of a reminder, as he passed over it, he was two lengths in front of the bay gelding, the latter being four or five lengths ahead of Black Bess. The two last named displayed superior jumping qualities, passing clean over the hurdles in fine style. The horses then wound round the bluff to the right, past the half-mile pole, Blackbird leading Birague one length, well in hand, Black Bess six lengths behind, and, coming round to the second hurdle, Blackbird cleared it prettily, and was down and running before the English horse made his leap. The black mare seemed to have no speed, she was falling behind, and the attention of the multitude was attracted entirely toward the other two. Coming up the homestretch to the third hurdle, Blackbird, in jumping, knocked off the top rail, clearing the way for Birague; but the latter seemed to want no favors of this kind, as he was a jumper of the first order. Blackbird led up and passed the stand three or four lengths in advance, under a hard pull, and it was palpable to an experienced eye that nothing but a mishap could prevent his winning the race. He ran very easily around the upper turn, passed the quarter, and came around, down under the bluff, to the next hurdle, which he cleared gracefully, three lengths ahead of the gelding, much to the delight of the spectators at the Club-house. Birague was then urged by whip and spur, and closed up well on the little black, and was within a length and a half of him when he jumped the hurdle at the lower turn, Black Bess at this time being over two hundred yards behind. As Blackbird came on the homestretch, with the English horse close at his heels, some doubts began to be felt by his backers, particularly when it was observed that his jockey was putting on the whip; and it was not until he had cleared the last hurdle, two lengths in front of Birague, that the minds of his friends were perfectly at ease. A lash of the whip, after he had taken his last flight, sent him ahead on a rush, and he came in a winner by four lengths. At this time Black Bess was just coming on the homestretch. Time, 3.35¼."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 15, 1867.

MORAL AND POLITICAL GUILT.

In the discussion consequent upon the bailing of Jefferson Davis there is great danger of forgetting the important point, and of regarding him merely as a political offender, a hero invested with the dignity of misfortune. It is in the motive that we must look for the moral character of actions. Rebellion, or armed resistance to a government, is a capital legal offense. But the prosecution and punishment of any particular offender is, as in other cases, purely a question of expediency. It may often be impolitic either to try him or to execute him upon conviction. But whatever the legal guilt or fate of a rebel may be, his moral guilt and the moral character of his rebellion are entirely another matter. It is often said that success justifies a revolution. But nothing can be more false. That is merely to say that might makes right. If the American Revolution had failed, its principle would still have been perfectly just. If Davis's rebellion had succeeded, it would none the less have been the most colossal crime in history.

The moral judgment is always the really important verdict upon human affairs, and now that it has been deemed inexpedient to attempt to establish the legal guilt of Davis there is all the more reason for every one of us to remember the immeasurable guilt of the rebellion of which he was the official chief. When the rebellion began the leaders themselves, and their English and Northern sympathizers, declared that it was justified upon American principles, and that the most worshiped of Americans, George Washington, was only a rebel. But this was wholly untrue. The American principle of the right of revolution was not that any persons who for any reason were dissatisfied with a government might rightfully undertake to overthrow it by force; but that when peaceful and legal redress for undeniable injuries and oppressions was clearly hopeless, when the consequences of further endurance were plainly worse than those of redress by force, then, after solemnly reciting those oppressions to the world, and appealing to God and man for the purity of their motives, a people might rightfully invoke the decision of the sword. But just in the degree that this was justifiable a resort to force to subvert a just and wise and moderate government, lest it might become still more just and humane, was inconceivably infamous. And this was precisely the character of the rebellion. Whatever the mass of the Southern population thought, Jefferson Davis and his companions knew perfectly well what Alexander H. Stephens was not ashamed to avow, that they tried to destroy a government not because it enslaved them but because they feared that it might prevent them from enslaving others. They invoked no peaceful redress of wrongs, for there were no wrongs to remedy. They pleaded no oppression, for they were themselves the rulers. Their object was the degradation of humanity, and their rebellion was therefore a crime against human nature. Considering its object, its methods, and its ghastly consequences of death, ruin, desolation, and debt, its moral enormity transcends all similar crimes. Its success would have been disastrous to civilization.

Under the forms of law, with a jury selected at random among those who had supported him, the legal guilt of Jefferson Davis would have been difficult to establish. Had he been acquitted the Government would have been convicted. Had he been convicted a pardon would have been farcical, and an execution utterly futile for any purpose but individual revenge. Since, therefore, his trial was inexpedient, he should have been exiled or released without the lamentable scene at Richmond. But whatever his fate may be it is of the utmost importance that there should be no misconception because of his escaping personally unharmed. He can never escape the tribunal which judges Benedict Arnold. He will never be ranked with those who nobly dared and failed. Romance and poetry will never decorate themselves with his name. The heart and conscience of mankind will always class him among the chief moral malefactors of the world. He is not to be considered as a man whose view of the Constitution differed from ours, and who braved the gallows in order to maintain his convictions, but as one who willingly led a rebellion which slew hundreds of thousands, and overwhelmed a nation with unimaginable calamity, for no other purpose than to secure the power of absolutely enslaving other men.

CAREY AND BASTIAT.

Some weeks ago the Philadelphia *Press* warmly praised Mr. Henry C. Carey, and asserted that Frederic Bastiat, the French political economist, had "seized, diluted, and passed off as his own" certain ideas of Mr. Carey's. To this article the New York *World* replied in its usual strain, sneering at the writer in the *Press*, and declaring that a part of the article appeared to be inspired by Mr. Carey himself, who, if such were the fact, thereby countenanced a false and injurious statement. The *World* quoted a note of the editor of Bastiat's works, which states that after the death of that author it was easy for his friends to satisfy Mr. Carey of his perfect loyalty; and the *World* added that it would be very easy to show the difference between the authors in minor matters, while the main truths in dispute were all foreshadowed in letters written before Mr. Carey published his treatises; but it refrained in the expectation that Mr. Carey himself would cause the offensive stigma to be withdrawn.

Mr. Carey replied to the *World*, with great dignity and good-humor, that he had no connection whatever with the article in the *Press*, and that there *was* a very friendly correspondence between the literary executors of M. Bastiat and himself, "commenced by them with a full and entire admission of my priority of claim to the ideas upon which the 'Harmonies Economiques' were based." But they were very anxious that Mr. Carey should understand that M. Bastiat had arrived independently at the same conclusions, and furnished him for that purpose with many extracts from Bastiat's earlier works. How far they convinced Mr. Carey will be known, he says, when the correspondence is published. Mr. Carey quotes also from a review by Ferrara, an eminent Italian economist, of an Italian translation of Bastiat, in which Ferrara, speaking of the conflict of claims, says that he is very loth to sully the name of Bastiat with the charge of plagiarism, but that there can be no doubt of Carey's first publication, and that it seems to him impossible that two such men could have arrived independently at results so nearly identical. In Germany, where the publication both of Carey's and Bastiat's works had revealed the identity of certain ideas, the question of priority of publication was also examined carefully, and the result, according to Mr. Carey, is, that, within the four years before the appearance of Bastiat's "Harmonies," his opinions upon questions of the highest importance in the science had been "entirely revolutionized;" that during the same time he had become acquainted with Carey's works; and that, while giving to the world Carey's ideas, he had wholly suppressed Carey's name.

In reply to this letter of Mr. Carey's the *World* demanded that the correspondence and specification of the charges should be published. Mr. Carey replied that the correspondence was begun by Bastiat's friends, and that he had always considered it subject to their control. To them, therefore, the *World* should apply; and that nothing might be wanting, he joined in the application. Meanwhile as the *World* had demanded facts Mr. Carey proceeded to state a certain theory of value in land, with the mode of proof, which he had published. This theory, with the mode of proof, he asserts, is reproduced in the most important chapter of Bastiat's "Harmonies." It is accompanied with the statement that the question had been entirely neglected by Bastiat's predecessors, and that wholly opposite doctrines were to be found "in Smith, in Ricardo, in Senior, and in all economists, without exception." Yet in the same book in which M. Bastiat makes this assertion he quotes two passages from an Australian work upon the authority of Mr. Carey; and Mr. Carey refers to the passages, which are quoted by him in the midst of an elaborate discussion of this point of the value of land, in which he states and defends the very theory which thirteen years afterward Bastiat says is not to be found in the works of any economist, without exception. Could Bastiat, who had Carey's book in his possession, have been ignorant of the chapter of that book in which the quoted Australian passages occur?

This is the question which Mr. Carey asks, and which he declares his willingness to refer to any three intelligent and disinterested men. He says that the same thing can be shown with regard to "a large majority of the chapters of the *Harmonies Economiques*." That he has not done so is due to his want of desire to war upon the dead, and his wish to respect the feelings of certain attached friends that Bastiat left behind him. We do not assume to decide the question. But it is plain that Bastiat's friends felt that there was a necessity of explanation.

THE REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.

The Electoral Reform movement in England must not be regarded as an isolated measure. It is one of the steps of a great revolution in the character of the British Government. It is a sign of a tendency to making that Government conform to its principle. Essentially the British system is one of the freest possible. In its idea it is in many important points superior to our own. England, for instance, has the advantage which no other nation can acquire, of an unwritten, yet an exact, Constitution. The government responds more flexibly to the will of the electoral body than ours. Both the system and its theory, however, are very inadequately understood by the mass of Englishmen, who probably regard as essential the most useless and cumbrous parts of the whole. But such works as the Essays on Reform, lately published, and the speeches of Bright, Gladstone, Mill, and other Liberal leaders, show unequivocally that the most intelligent and trained minds in England perceive the drift of the current.

It is very often but very erroneously said that governments are usually destroyed by an excess of their own tendency. The truth is precisely the other way. Governments are destroyed by the effort to withstand their natural development. Thus in England, a free constitutional country, affected by all the influences of an expanding civilization, by the most liberal, sound, and progressive thought, the inevitable tendency is toward an actual not a theoretical participation of all the people in the government. Now this is a perfectly reasonable and irresistible tendency, as much as that of a growing boy to larger bounds and greater freedom. To oppose it upon the ground that the old method has worked very well, or that it can not be conclusively shown in detail how the new will work any better, is the height of folly. The old method worked well in the old time, and so did the shoes of ten years ago; while the general dissatisfaction with the old method and the universal demand for improvement is, politically speaking, a conclusive reason for the reform.

Mr. Robert Lowe is the brilliant representative of those who think that governments are destroyed by their own logic. In witty and admirable declamation he warns the English people that they are—moving. With solemn and startling appeals he begs them to consider whether they are really ready to believe that to-day is not yesterday. He challenges the naming of any abuse which the Reform will correct. If you mention the abuse of allowing twelve hundred thousand people to govern twenty millions he denies that it is an abuse, and begs you not to mix abstract moral theories with practical politics. If you say that where a million of people think that they are oppressed in not being voters they are, for all practical political purposes, oppressed—he asks, with dignity, whether Parliament or the mob is the government of England. The unreason of Conservatism was never more strikingly illustrated than by the extremely clever Mr. Lowe.

But the Revolution steadily proceeds. A Tory ministry is advocating a Reform bill which will make half a million of new voters, and by a most surprising and significant majority of 127 the rotten borough system is abolished. Old Sarum, which was a jest even with Burke, used to return two members for a corn-field. That was remedied in 1832; but a rule has not until now been made. The amendment provides that a borough must have a population of not less than ten thousand to be entitled to a seat in the House of Commons. The next step will be that sufficient reason must be shown for excluding from the polls any considerable part of the adults among the ten thousand. And these are not measures to be dreaded. Political stagnation alone in a country like England is to be feared. The ruin of that country does not lie in the progress of Reform, but in resistance to it.

PERSONAL.

The papers are discussing the law of libel. They naturally do so with feeling, for a daily paper containing articles and correspondence from scores of writers upon all public topics and persons may very easily utter a libel which will escape the vigilance of the managing editor. The *Tribune* claims that a libelous *intent* must be shown, and complains that it was once made to pay heavily for libeling somebody of whom it knew nothing whatever. But if a correspondent sends to the *Tribune* a statement that John Smith senior, of Smithville, has been detected in offenses compared with which Sereno Howe's are mild, and the story, which is utterly false, is published all over the country, is the *Tribune* to be held innocent of libel because it knows nothing of John Smith senior, of Smithville, and could have had no malicious intention? John Smith is as much injured as he could be by the worst libel, and he is surely entitled to all the reparation which he could justly claim if there had been an injurious intention. Unless there can be a law authorizing men to sue for unintentional falsehoods published to the injury of their character and business, they are surely entitled to damages under the law of libel.

In a country of universal free discussion every newspaper and public speaker should gladly hail whatever tends to curb the curvetings of the tongue and pen. It is so easy to believe in the turpitude of those whose principles seem to us atrocious that a reporter is in great danger of telling the most amazing falsehoods. What stories do we not daily have from Washington during the session! Mr. Thaddeus Stevens is a gambler, a drunkard, a fraudulent manufacturer, a hundred villains in one, if we may believe what we have seen stated or insinuated by those enterprising purveyors of personal gossip, the Washington reporters. A distinguished Senator remarked that almost every personal incident about himself which he had seen in the Washington correspondence was untrue. We remember hearing N. P. Willis say that the public was interested in nothing so much as in personalities, and his paper showed that his faith was sincere. A "spicy" treatment in the "personal items" is supposed to be peculiarly advantageous to the paper in which they appear. One of the weekly papers publishes a list of the names of unmarried men in the city with brief comments; another began its career with critical attacks upon various authors and orators, evidently bearing in mind the wild oats of *Blackwood* and *Fraser*.

Where there is so eager an appetite it will be satisfied, and as the food is personal reputation, habit, manner, and life in general, there must be some protection against defamation, although the intention of the writer is merely the amusement of the public and the sale of his paper. If, to entertain the spectators, a jovial fellow drops bricks out of his upper window, and one chances to fall upon a laborer and breaks his arm, upon whose daily toil a family depends for support, the jovial offender can hardly be allowed to say, "God bless my soul, I don't know the man; I never saw him in my life; I didn't know there was such a man living." The other day, at the Gold Board, one of the high-toned, gentlemanly brokers was compelled to draw a pistol to reply to a friend of the same kind, and in blazing away at him incidentally shot another person. When he was arrested the shooter good-naturedly offered to pay the expenses of nursing his victim, and was amazed to find that he was to pass the night at the station-house. "Why, you can't really be in earnest," he remarked, in effect, to the officer. "I hadn't the least intention of shooting Mr. B. I don't know him. I never saw him. I expected to kill Mr. A."

We were reminded of this naïve reply by the complaint of the *Tribune* that it was "once made to pay $750 and costs for libeling one of whose very name and every item of whose history we were utterly and absolutely unconscious until waited on by the sheriff in his behalf." The *Tribune's* amazement was as great as that of the broker, and as reasonable. If a newspaper circulates a gross and damaging falsehood about any man it certainly should be held responsible.

SOUTHERN POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

The opinion of the Attorney-General upon registration under the Reconstruction act will probably be accepted by the commanding Generals of the Districts as an official instruction. He interprets the bill generously for the districts concerned, and this will doubtless be found to be sagacious. Extensive disfranchisement is not desirable. If it were necessary, it would be better that nothing should be done toward the reorganization of the States until the great mass of the population could share in the work. The Attorney-General holds that the mere fact of participating in the rebellion does not disfranchise. It must be ascertained by the judgment of a court or by competent legislative action. Neither does he think that forced service to the rebellion, or the discharge of official duties not incident to the war, nor disloyal expressions, nor the payment of taxes, or forced contributions, can be held to disqualify.

A competent friend has made a careful computation by which it appears that of the million of white males over twenty-one in the military districts about three hundred thousand will be disfranchised, leaving about seven hundred thousand white and as many colored voters. It is this which makes the great importance of the colored vote, and each party will spare no effort to secure it. We have little doubt that the new voters will unite with their old and not with their new friends. There is a great deal of human nature in man, and those who made war to enslave their colored fellow-citizens hopelessly and forever will need all their eloquence to prove to those fellow-citizens that they have always been the best friends of the colored man. The colored man understood the war, and he has not lost his wits since it ended. There will be remote districts in which by various persuasions a part of the new vote will be cast against the Republican party; but a general and hearty union of the truly loyal white and colored vote against the party which still reveres "the lost cause" will reorganize the States upon the best basis. In this union we count many who were sincere secessionists.

It is not impossible that where this union is strong enough to control the Conventions it may propose a much more stringent disfranchisement than that of the military bill. But we trust that our friends will see that where they have the power such a disfranchisement is unnecessary, and where they have not the power it would not, of course, be ratified by the voters. Meanwhile the tendency of the new vote will be indicated by the election in Washington, where the white registry is only eleven hundred more than the colored. The whole vote is more than seventeen thousand, nearly three times as many as have ever voted before.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

The recently published letter of Secretary M'Culloch, stating that a decline in the revenue and an increase of the public debt are this year unavoidable, attracts general attention, as well it may. No doubt the exhibit has taken many by surprise, even of those who felt that the national finances were not at present in the most desirable condition. The few sanguine patriots who imagined that our public debt was undergoing such rapid contraction as to enable us presently to resume specie payments, will be disappointed beyond measure; they will be pained to know that there is even a probability of an increase in the currency circulation. It is not to be supposed, however, that thinking men imagined that the country was moving on as prosperously as in times past, when the various known causes that the Secretary of the Treasury enumerates have combined to retard its progress for many months—the stagnation in business, the mistrust and forebodings of evil that pervaded commercial circles, the unequal and onerous taxation, the intolerable outlay of the Government to support tax-gatherers and non-producers of every stripe, the continued disorganization of the South, the unconscionable appropriations of Congress, and lavish expenditure in general. The evidences were all to the contrary.

We have repeatedly called the attention of the readers of the *Weekly* to these facts and circumstances. There is scarcely a revelation made or a remedy suggested in Mr. M'Culloch's letter, that has not received our especial attention from time to time. Indeed, this paper has kept a little in advance of public conviction. But while we have not ignored the dangers and difficulties that beset or threaten us, but have rather inclined to hold them plainly to view, our object has been, not to create useless alarm, but to counteract those influences which were manifestly operating upon the public mind, and which, if allowed to get control, would inevitably produce a panic. We have endeavored to stimulate industry, knowing that apathy and idleness impoverish, but that "prosperity is the result of labor." The long-continued stagnation in trade and manufactures has resulted less from any necessity of the case than from men's apprehensions. The solid confidence is not shaken. Abroad it is continually strengthening, as is indicated by the appreciation of our bonds. We have feared the effects of contraction; but we have now already passed through all the pitfalls and difficulties that necessarily attend such a measure, although no contraction has taken place. We have stopped importations, ceased to manufacture in excess, reduced our stocks of goods, and in so doing made such sacrifices as the nature of the case demanded; but we are neither bankrupt nor ruined. Having relieved ourselves of the pressure occasioned by the speculation and overtrading of past years, we can now commence business on the present low-pressure basis. Let us endeavor, as the Secretary suggests, to "earn more and spend less." The laws of supply and demand regulate values; with the prices of food and the necessaries of life reduced, as they are likely to be under the promise of full crops, wages would naturally fall. Then industry will be encouraged when expenses are not so high as to consume all profits, and when taxation is so equalized as to enable us to compete in the markets of the world with other nations enjoying a more judicious tax system. With immigration flowing into the country at an unexampled rate, with the increasing products of our mines and other resources, with the promise of a crop such as we have not gathered for years, one impediment only exists to a decline in prices, and that is the burden of injudiciously imposed taxes which we must bear.

So susceptible is our market that prices here droop under the slightest influences. Gold and the necessaries of life decline, and stocks and securities advance, under the news of a slight appreciation of our securities in England. But European confidence will not be strengthened by such an exposé as that of Mr. M'Culloch's. Americans themselves are not content to go backward, after two years of remarkable progress. They will be restive under a taxation which goes to pay disbursing clerks five millions of dollars annually for paying salaries, or adds thirty-three per cent. to the pay of Members of Congress, or makes the expenditure of the War Department $250,000,000 in time of peace. The press is already clamoring loudly for some radical reform. It is when coupled with this temper of the people, that exhibits like that of Secretary M'Culloch's excite apprehension. The American people will patiently bear the heaviest burdens while there is any visible advantage to accrue, but they will not submit to be overladen that others may promote their self-aggrandizement.

The Secretary tells us that he is hopeful of the future, that good may flow from evil, and that the present check to our progress may result, in the course of another year, "in a large increase of industry, of enterprise, and of revenue, decided progress toward a resumption of specie payments, and a steady reduction of the public debt." These are pleasing prospects to contemplate, but how are they to be realized unless we "earn more and spend less?"

THE CLOUD IN ITALY.

The English papers now generally concede the truth of the story which we published some time since that Victor Emanuel has been, and perhaps is, seriously contemplating a *coup d'état*. The King is anxious for reünion with Rome, and it is understood that the Pope has actually been consulted upon the character of the propositions to be submitted to the Italian Parliament in regard to the sale of the ecclesiastical property. A congregation of cardinals has decided that it is not desirable for the Church to hold land any longer, and therefore that it may in a lofty manner and as a benevolence merely pay six hundred million of francs to the treasury of the state. The King is said to have given his written pledge that, if the Parliament refuses to pass a bill which, in consideration of this benevolence, will release the priesthood from the control of the state, he will suspend parliamentary government, assume absolute power, and reconcile himself with Rome.

Such a *coup d'état* would hardly succeed. The King, as the London *Spectator* says, is liked but not respected. He has alienated the love of Piedmont, and that of Tuscany has had no time to grow. The army admires him, but he has led it to defeat only, and his hold upon the soldiers is, therefore, not sure. The priests are hated by the towns, and the army is national and patriotic. An army of Italians enthusiastically educated to free Italy from Austria will not easily fire upon Italians to protect a Pope who has been the symbol of reaction. Garibaldi and Cialdini are names graven upon the Italian heart—the one a volunteer chief, the other a General of the regular army—and they are both bitterly hostile to the new policy. Garibaldi's manifesto before the election, which seemed extravagant, is now explained. He knew the intrigue. His reluctant confidence in Victor Emanuel is now justified. He knew his want of radical conviction.

If the King should attempt a *coup d'état* there could scarcely fail to be a serious civil war, which would end in his overthrow and a terrible distrust of the royal house. The convulsion would probably lead to a general war, for the Pope and the King would appeal for aid. But the Liberals are, of course, prepared for every emergency, and we therefore doubt if there will be any. An advertised *coup d'état* is a foregone failure.

THE INDIAN WAR.

General Sherman returning, on May 19, from an examination of the movements of General Hancock's forces into the Indian Territories, very sagely remarked that "We can have an Indian war or not, as we choose." In view of the fact that we have had one on hand for three years past, it takes no military commander come direct by Butterfield's fastest express coach from the seat of disturbance to tell us this. For several years past the settlers of Colorado and Kansas have been desirous of driving their Indian neighbors from their reservations in those Territories; they sought and made opportunities for war, and have persistently forced that issue on the Indians in a manner and attended by circumstances of cruelty not at all creditable to the whites. The settlers are less to blame, perhaps, than others. The Indians were unfortunately located on the Great Highway of the West, and Commerce, not less than Emigration, demanded their removal from its immediate vicinity. We give herewith a brief history of the rise and progress of the war up to the present time, to accompany, as explanatory, the splendid Map which we give on page 372, showing the seat of war, the forts of the West, the Territorial and departmental boundaries, the great and rich valleys, the wide plains, the overland routes, and the Pacific railroad lines of the country. The Map is made from an official one issued by the Engineers' Bureau of the War Department, and will be found to be correct in almost every particular.

The difficulties between the settlers of Colorado and Kansas and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, to which we have before alluded, have been going on for over three years. The first breach of the peace occurred on April 11, 1864, and was precipitated by the whites. Peace had previously existed between the Indians and whites since 1857, in which year a peace had been made with them, and a reservation in the southeast corner of Colorado assigned them, with certain annuities and the right to fish and hunt on the Smoky Hill and Arkansas rivers. The Indians were very weak after the war which closed in 1857, and were glad to accept and observe peace. Colorado and Kansas were rapidly settled during this era of peace, railroads were extended toward the plains, and telegraph and express lines were established across them. At last, having two or three regiments of Territorial troops organized and in the service of the Government, doing garrison duty at the various forts in the Territory, the people of Colorado, anxious to possess the land on which the Indians were located, began hostilities against them. On April 11, 1864, a band of friendly Cheyennes were accused of stealing cattle, and though they denied the charge and explained that the Kiowas had committed the outrage, the Colorado troops attempted, in obedience to orders from their Captain, to disarm the Indians. The latter resisted, and in the fight which ensued the Colorado men were worsted. Colonel Chivington, then commanding, as an officer of United States Volunteers, the District of Colorado, gave orders to his various subordinates to commence a regular series of operations against the Indians. In obedience to these orders Major Downing attacked and destroyed an Indian camp near Fort Dodge, killing forty men, women, and children. The Indians at once attempted to bring about an understanding, expressing themselves anxious for peace, and making efforts to secure it. Left-Hand, a chief of the Cheyennes, and Little Raven, a chief of the Arapahoes, with their bands, made their appearance simultaneously before Fort Larned and Fort Lyon, and made overtures of peace. Little Raven was kindly received at Fort Lyon by Major Wynkoop, commanding at that point, who told him that Colonel Chivington was at Fort Dodge, and would settle the terms of peace with Left-Hand. But that chief, on approaching Fort Larned, was fired upon by orders of Colonel Chivington and compelled to fly for safety. When Little Raven heard of this affair he abandoned his camp in front of Fort Lyon, and moving north on the Smoky Hill Overland Route began to depredate on the trains and committed several outrages, in which the rest of the Arapahoe and all the Cheyenne tribes refused to engage, and which all condemned. Subsequently Lieutenant Ayres encountered a band of peaceful Indians near Fort Larned; invited their chief into his camp, shot him, and then attacked the band, killing many. The Indians did not abandon their attempts at securing a peace, though they seemed to have lost all hope of success. They had confidence in Major Wynkoop and Colonel Colley, their agent; these officers had been steadfastly friendly to them, and two thousand of the two tribes under the principal chief of the Cheyennes, Black Kettle, made application on September 10, 1864, to them to bring about a council at which peace might be concluded. Major Wynkoop met the Indians near Fort Lyon; told them he had no power to conclude a peace; but promised the tribe the protection of the United States while the principal chiefs went with him to Denver City and conferred with Governor Evans. This protection the tribes finally accepted; they pitched their camp near Fort Lyon, while Black Kettle and other chiefs called on the Governor. They were referred by him to Colonel Chivington, who decided that he could not make peace without consulting his superiors. He advised the Indians to return to Fort Lyon, remain there under Major Wynkoop's protection, while he consulted with the Commander of the Department. Accepting his assurances of safety they returned to Fort Lyon, and remained in camp under the care of Major Wynkoop. This officer was soon relieved by Major Anthony, under orders from Colonel Chivington, and he repeated every assurance of protection. Here the Indians remained in camp for two months, protected and fed by Major Anthony. In the mean time Colonel Chivington had collected about a thousand men from various forts in the territory, and on November 28, 1864, made his appearance at Fort Lyon. At daylight on the next morning, against the entreaties and protests of Major Anthony, he marched out of Fort Lyon, attacked the Indian camp, and put (as he claims) over five hundred men, women, and children to the sword under circumstances of great cruelty. From this time forward all efforts at conciliation were abandoned. The Indians began their depredations in earnest; an alliance of the five principal tribes of the Plains, the Comanches and Kiowas of Arkansas, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes of Colorado, and the Sioux and their numerous adherents of Nebraska and Dakota, was formed; and the war began in earnest. The routes to the west were continually interrupted, and hundreds of emigrants fell victims to the vengeance of the Indians. At last the "Chivington massacre" was avenged by the slaughter, on December 21, 1866, of a portion of the garrison of Fort Philip Kearney. Then the Government began to take steps for the protection of its troops and the Overland routes and railroads; and the present expeditions of Generals Hancock and Sully were planned. General Hancock has, with apparent indecision, been engaged in holding councils with the Indians, but while doing so has gradually placed his forces on the upper Arkansas River, and thus interposed between and separated the Comanches and Kiowas from their allies, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The forces moving along the Platte River have succeeded in interposing in the same manner between the Sioux and Cheyennes and Arapahoes; and thus the allied Indians are debarred from concentration, and indeed from co-operative action. The Sioux and Crows and the other tribes of the north have actively engaged the whites of Montana, Dakota, and Nebraska, and have committed many depredations on the Platte River Route and Union Pacific Railroad; but the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches appear to be subjugated into inactivity.

What disposition to make of these tribes is a question which has long troubled the Government. They will of necessity be required to remove to a considerable distance from the overland routes and railroads. Commerce imperatively demands this; and it appears to us that the sooner this is done in a peaceable manner the better for all parties concerned.

NOTHING LOST.

Science demonstrates the great fact that nothing is lost. We may pulverize, liquefy, evaporate, volatilize, or burn, but instead of destroying the constituents of which the material is composed, subjected to any trial with a view to its utter destruction, only liberates them from their cohesion to be re-collected in some other form.

In this age of practical economy it is instructive, for example, to notice how an ox is picked to pieces, showing that in some of the arts nothing is wasted. On being slaughtered the blood is used for clarifying sugar; the eyes are sought for by anatomists; the tubes of the horns are made into combs; the solid tips are converted into a paste and moulded into knife and embossed razor handles; the long hair on the forehead and tail is twisted into ropes for the upholsterer's cushions; the short, for mixing with mortar to plaster rooms; all the flesh is eaten for food; the hoofs are made into buttons; the stomach is cured for tripe; the large intestine is called gold-beater's skin, without which gold-leaf could not be manufactured with facility. The small intestines are seen encasing Bologna sausages; the tongue is salted as a special luxury. The ears and portions of the hide near the feet are boiled into glue. All the long bones are sold for making tooth-brushes; all others are boiled for the grease, then sold and ground into dust to be put upon farming lands as a valuable fertilizer. The skin is tanned into sole-leather; the marrow is put up in nice forms under the name of pomatum; and lastly, the tallow is a cash article over the commercial world.

As we advance in science and the arts the essential point to be gained is to discover how to economize in the use of the bountiful supplies which nature provides for the service of man.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Sheridan, on June 3, issued an order removing Governor Wells, of Louisiana, from office and appointing Thomas J. Durant in his stead. Some time ago the General deposed two rival Boards of levee commissioners, one of which had been appointed by Governor Wells and the other by a secession Legislature, and the Governor has since manœuvred in such a manner as to obtain from the President and Secretary of War an order requiring General Sheridan to withhold the execution of his order regarding the commissioners. On the strength of this interference with the workings of the Reconstruction Law, the instructions having reached him yesterday, General Sheridan immediately issued his order removing the Governor. After giving his reasons for removing the Governor, General Sheridan adds:

"I say now unequivocally that Governor Wells is a political trickster and a disunionist. I have seen him myself, when I first came to this command, turn out all the Union men who had supported the Government, and put in their stead rebel soldiers, some of whom had not doffed the gray uniform. I have seen him again, during the July riot of 1866, skulk away where I could not find him to give him a guard, instead of coming out as a manly representative of the State and joining those who were desirous of preserving the peace. I have watched him since, and his conduct has been as sinuous as the mark left in the dust by the movement of a snake. I say again that he is dishonest, and dishonesty is more than must be expected of me."

The Impeachment Committee of Congress adjourned on June 3 until the 20th, the question of impeachment being lost by a vote of four to five, and a resolution of censure against the President being adopted.

George W. Gayle, who in 1863 offered a heavy reward for the murder of President Lincoln, has been pardoned by President Johnson, and the charges against him abandoned.

Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, in advocating his confiscation policy, declared, May 28, that nothing but the proceeds of the confiscation of a small portion of rebel property will pay for the damage inflicted by them in their raids into loyal States, unless the money comes from the United States Treasury.

The Maryland Constitutional Convention on May 20 resolved that slavery should not be re-established in that State; but it having been abolished under the policy and authority of the United States, compensation in consideration thereof is held to be due from the United States.

The President began a Southern tour on June 1.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Secretary of the Treasury lately remarked that the bounties to soldiers, preparations for the Indian war, the intended large issue of bonds to the Pacific Railroad, and other appropriations for miscellaneous purposes, together with the partial failure of the wheat and corn crops, the tardiness of reconstruction in the South, the reduced taxes, and the general dullness of trade, will prevent a reduction and probably produce an increase in the national debt for some time.

The Massachusetts Legislature on May 29 passed a bill annexing Roxbury to Boston. Governor Bullock vetoed the bill.

One hundred and fifty acres of ground on Hampton Creek, in Virginia, have been purchased by the American Missionary Association, on which they propose to erect a training school for colored teachers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

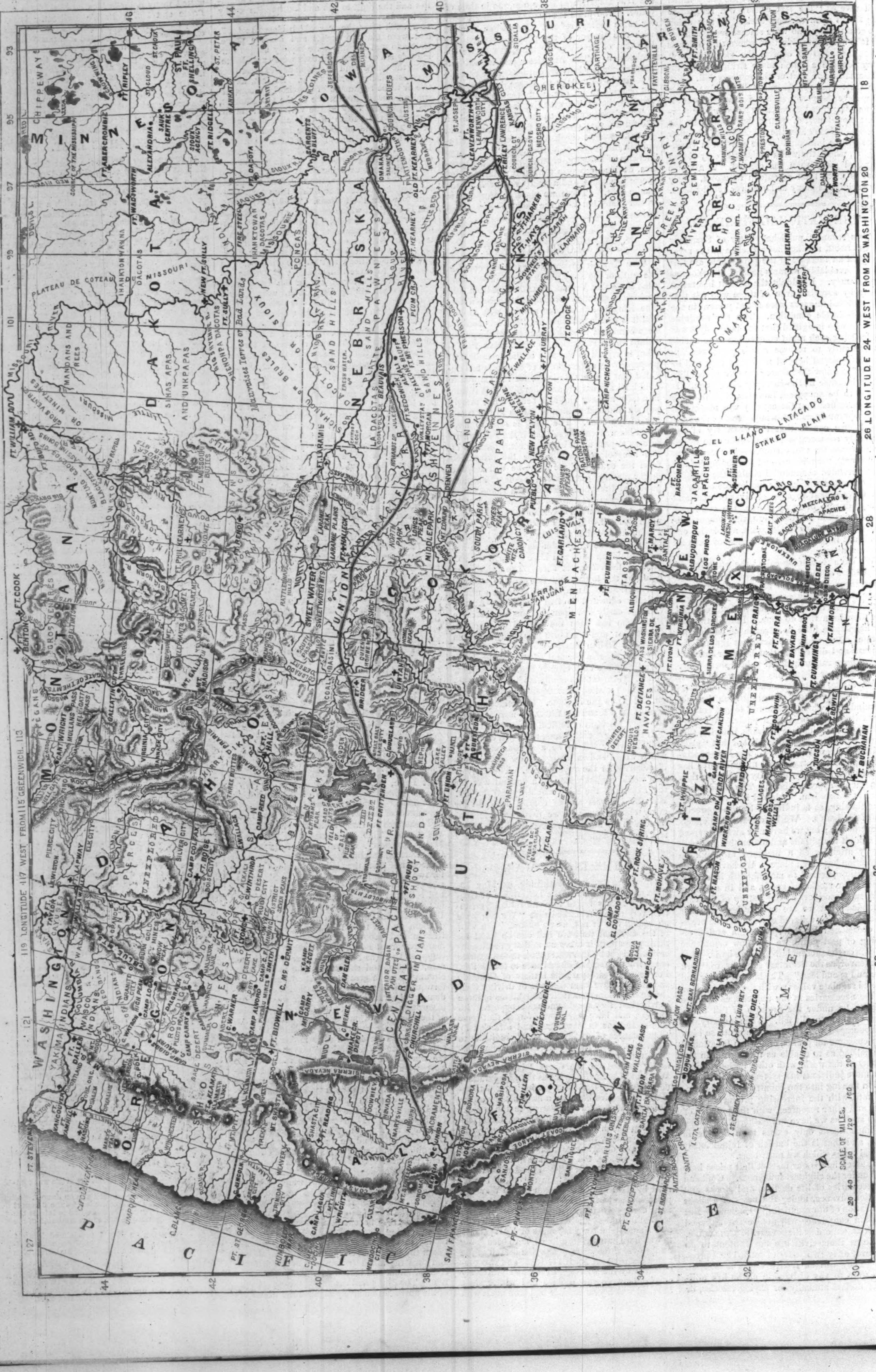
The death sentence of the Fenian convicts was commuted on May 27 to imprisonment for life.

The Czar of Russia arrived at Paris on June 1.

Dispatches from Constantinople of June 2 report that the Sultan of Turkey has consented to intrust the solution of the Cretan question to a commission of the European Powers.

General Mosquera on May 1 proclaimed himself Dictator of New Granada, dissolved Congress, arrested many of the opposition members, and ordered a new election.

Maximilian surrendered in person to General Escobedo, and was humanely treated by that officer. He remained in Escobedo's camp until May 15, when he was taken ill, and was attended by Escobedo's surgeon. On his recovery he was sent to San Luis.


MINNESOTA
DAKOTA
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INDIAN TERRITORY
TEXAS
COLORADO
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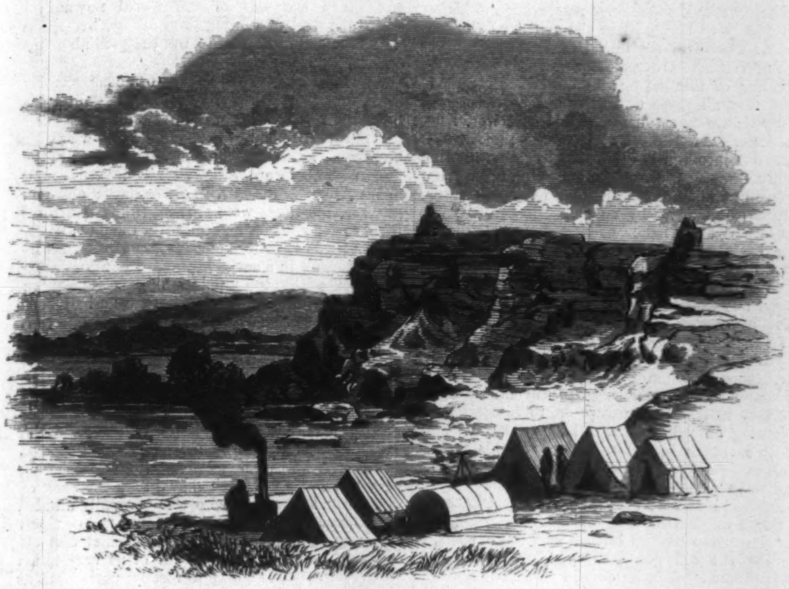
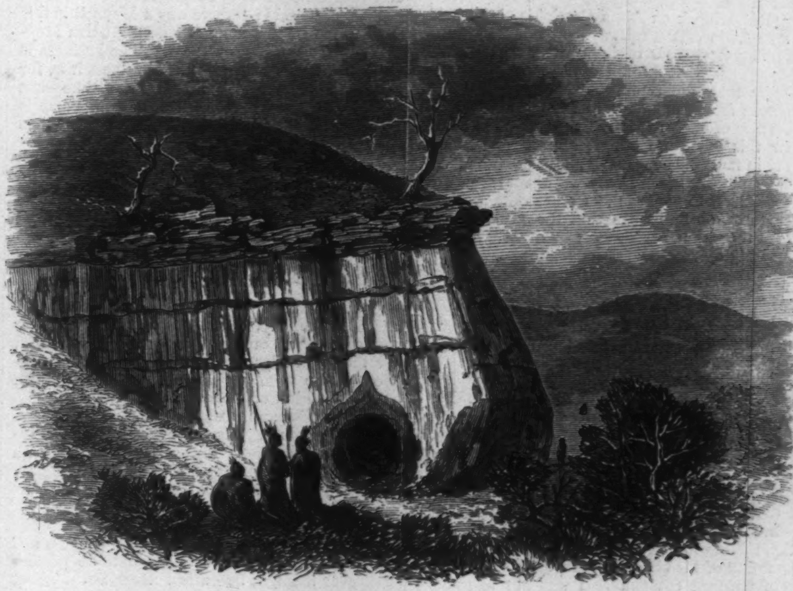
MONTANA
IDAHO
UTAH
ARIZONA
NEVADA
WASHINGTON
OREGON
CALIFORNIA
PACIFIC OCEAN
MEXICO
UNION PACIFIC R.R.
CENTRAL PACIFIC R.R.
119 LONGITUDE 117 WEST FROM 115 GREENWICH 113
26 LONGITUDE 24 WEST FROM 22 WASHINGTON 20
SCALE OF MILES.
0 20 40 80 120 160 200

MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF GENERAL HANCOCK'S OPERATIONS IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY, THE FORTS, MILITARY STATIONS, PACIFIC RAILROADS, ETC.



VALLEY OF SPRING CREEK, KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.



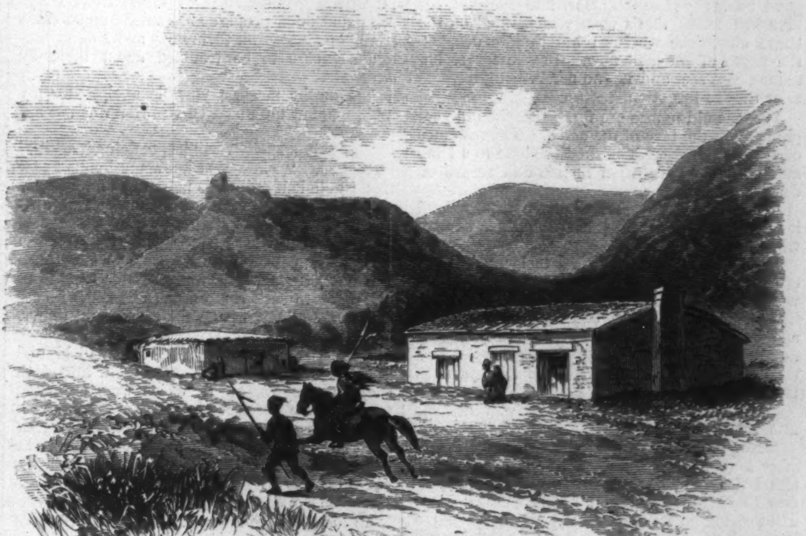
CAVE ON MULBERRY CREEK, KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Our Map on the opposite page, besides showing the forts, military stations, etc., in the seat of the Indian war in the West, also locates the lines of the projected Pacific railroads. The cars on the Union Pacific Railroad, from Omaha by way of Fort Kearney to Great Salt Lake City, are running at this time to the vicinity of Fort Gratton, and on September 1, 1867, will run to the base of the Rocky Mountains a little west of Fort Laramie, or 517 miles from Omaha. It is expected that the road across the mountain, necessarily a very heavy work, will be finished and the whole road be completed in 1870. The Central Pacific road is building from San Francisco, California, eastward, and is to meet the Union Pacific on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. It is already completed for 100 miles, and the tunnel through the Sierra Nevada is being rapidly finished.

Our views on this page are on the Kansas Branch of the Union Pacific Railway, running from Fort Leavenworth along the Kansas and Smoky Hill rivers to Denver, and through the heart of the rich prairies between the Platte and Arkansas rivers, and are from the pencil of **Philip D. Fisher**, Civil Engineer on that road. This road is being rapidly constructed, and will probably reach the mountains as soon as its rival on the Platte.

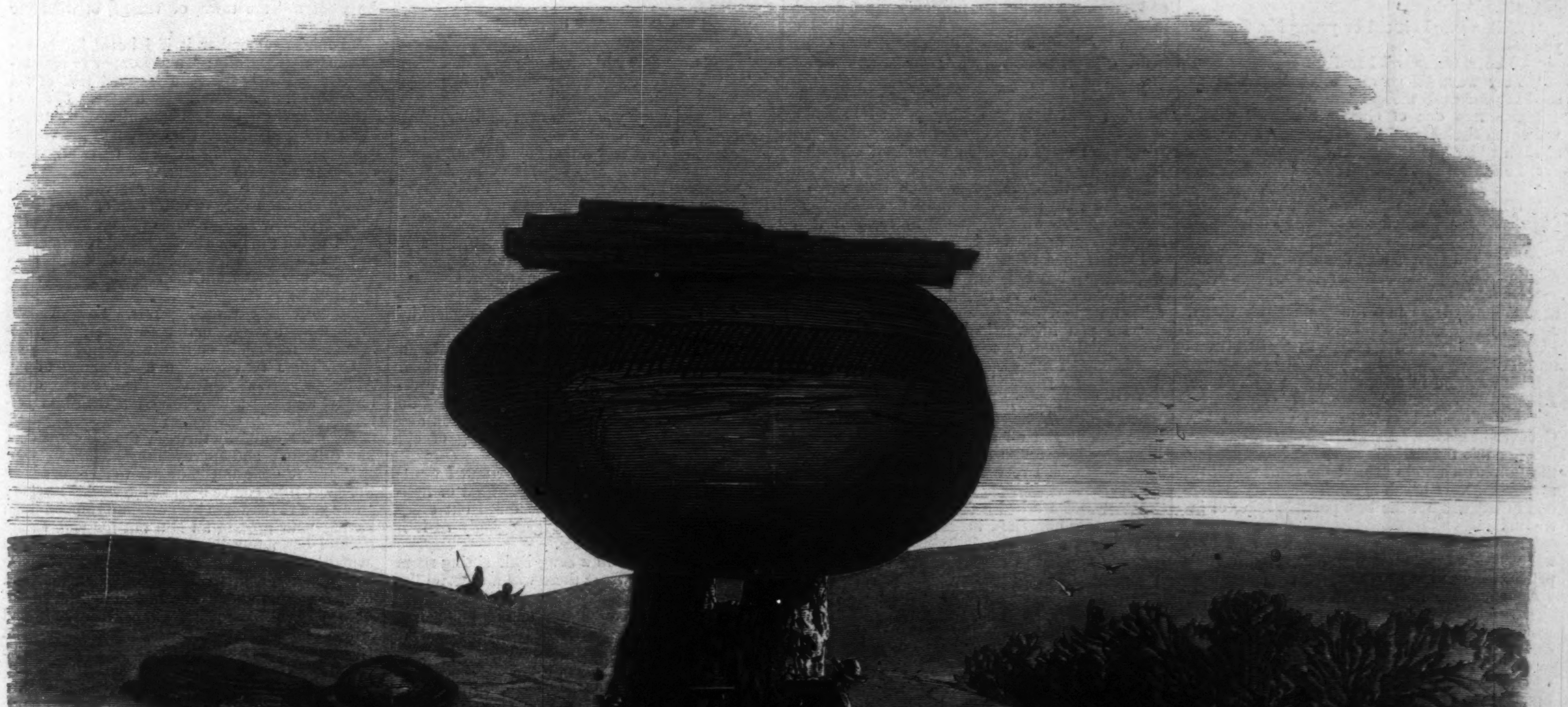
"The valley of Spring Creek," illustrated in our first sketch, is twenty miles long and varies in width from one to five miles. The bottom is a rich, sandy alluvium, a fringe of willow and wild plum bushes marking the course of the stream. The bluffs rise about a hundred feet above the valley, and are composed mainly of a dark ferruginous sand rock tumbled about in wild disorder, and bearing marks of having been at some remote period subjected to a fervent heat. On the highest points, overlooking the country for miles, the Indians have built cairns or statues of rough stones, which at a short distance bear a wonderful resemblance to a warrior wrapped in his blanket. Whether these were intended for beacons or breast-works, decoys or monuments, the Indians themselves best know.



LOOK'S RANCHE, KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The "cave on Mulberry Creek" is about six miles north from Look's Ranche. It has been formed by some means, natural or artificial, in a high, bold bluff of soft sandstone; it is about 75 feet deep, and sufficiently high to admit a person standing erect. At the foot of the bluff, in a fine walnut grove, a magnificent spring wells up, and, forming a brook, flows off through the trees. This has been a favorite place of resort with the Indians. The entire face of the cliff and the sides of the cave are covered with their picture-writing. Some of it evidently has reference to an aboriginal old gentleman buried near, who, if he resembled his effigy as it is carved upon his monument, must have been "one of the most remarkable men of the country."

"Look's Ranche" on Spring Creek is a "home station" for the overland mail—a mixture of "hotel," "grocery," and farm-house, famous for serving "square meals;" and here the returning



PULPIT ROCK ON ALUM CREEK, KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.

plainsman gets his first glimpse of home and civilization.

"Pulpit Rock on Alum Creek" is about half a mile south of the railway. It is a sandstone of different degrees of induration, the neck or pedestal being very soft has disintegrated more rapidly than the top. The spheroid is about eighteen feet in diameter, and is surmounted by a cornice of hard, sandy shale. Scattered about near this stone are others, almost as curious, piled in fantastic heaps or lying in unique monoliths, so unlike the ordinary workings of nature, it is difficult to believe them other than artificial structures, or to realize that the ground upon which they stand has never been hitherto trodden excepting by moccasins.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book VI.—The Heiress of the Haygarths.

CHAPTER II.

VALENTINE'S RECORD CONTINUED.

October 15. I left Omega Street for the city before noon, after a hasty breakfast with my friend Horatio, who was somewhat under the dominion of his black dog this morning, and far from pleasant company. I was not to present myself to the worthy John Grewter, wholesale stationer, before the afternoon; but I had no particular reason for staying at home, and I had a fancy for strolling about the old city quarter in which Matthew Haygarth's youth had been spent. I went to look at John Street, Clerkenwell, and dawdled about the immediate neighborhood of Smithfield, thinking of the old fair-time, and of all the rioters and merry-makers, who now were so much or so little dust and ashes in city church-yards, until the great bell of St. Paul's boomed three, and I felt that it might be a leisure time with Mr. Grewter.

I found the stationer's shop as darksome and dreary as city shops usually are, but redolent of that subtle odor of wealth which has a mystical charm for the nostrils of the penniless one. Stacks of ledgers, mountains of account-books, filled the dimly-lighted warehouse. Some clerks were at work behind a glass partition, and already the gas flared high in the green-shaded lamps above the desk at which they worked. I wondered whether it was a pleasant way of life theirs, and whether one would come to feel an interest in the barter of day-books and ledgers if they were one's daily bread. Alas for me! the only ledger I have ever known is the sainted patron of the northern race-course. One young man came forward and asked my business, with a look that plainly told me that unless I wanted two or three gross of account-books I had no right to be there. I told him that I wished to see Mr. Grewter, and asked if that gentleman was to be seen.

The clerk said he didn't know; but his tone implied that, in his opinion, I could *not* see Mr. Grewter.

"Perhaps you could go and ask?" I suggested.

"Well, yes. Is it old or young Mr. Grewter you want to see?"

"Old Mr. Grewter," I replied.

"Very well, I'll go and see. You'd better send in your card, though."

I produced one of George Sheldon's cards, which the clerk looked at. He made a little start as if an adder had stung him.

"You're not Mr. Sheldon?" he said.

"No; Mr. Sheldon is my employer."

"What do you go about giving people Sheldon's card for?" asked the clerk, with quite an aggrieved air. "I know Sheldon of Gray's Inn."

"Then I'm sure you've found him a very accommodating gentleman," I replied, politely.

"Deuce take his accommodation! He nearly accommodated me into the Bankruptcy Court. And so you're Sheldon's clerk, and you want the governor. But you don't mean to say that Grewter and Grewter are—"

This was said in an awe-stricken under-tone. I hastened to reassure the stationer's clerk.

"I don't think Mr. Sheldon ever saw Mr. Grewter in his life," I said.

After this the clerk condescended to retire into the unknown antres behind the shop to deliver my message. I began to think that George Sheldon's card was not the best possible letter of introduction.

The clerk returned presently, followed by a tall, white-bearded man, with a bent figure and a pair of penetrating gray eyes—a very promising specimen of the octogenarian.

He asked me my business in a sharp, suspicious way, that obliged me to state the nature of my errand without circumlocution. As I got farther away from the Rev. John Haygarth intestate I was less fettered by the necessity of secrecy. I informed my octogenarian that I was prosecuting a legal investigation connected with a late inhabitant of that street, and that I had taken the liberty to apply to him, in the hope that he might be able to afford me some information.

He looked at me all the time I spoke as if he thought I was going to entreat pecuniary relief—and I dare say I have something the air of a begging-letter writer. But when he found that I only wanted information, his hard gray eyes softened ever so little, and he asked me to walk into his parlor.

His parlor was scarcely less gruesome than his shop. The furniture looked as if its manufacture had been coeval with the time of the Meynells, and the ghastly glare of the gas seemed a kind of anachronism. After a few preliminary observations, which were not encouraged by Mr. Grewter's manner, I inquired whether he had ever heard the name of Meynell?

"Yes," he said; "there was a Meynell in this street when I was a young man—Christian Meynell, a carpet-maker by trade. The business is still carried on—and a very old business it is, for it was an old business in Meynell's time—but Meynell died before I married, and his name is pretty well forgotten in Aldersgate Street by this time."

"Had he no sons?" I asked.

"Well, yes; he had one son, Samuel, a kind of companion of mine. But he didn't take to the business, and when his father died he let things go any how, as you may say. He was rather wild, and he died two or three years after his father."

"Did he die unmarried?"

"Yes. There was some talk of his marrying a Miss Dobberly, whose father was a cabinet-maker in Jewin Street; but Samuel was too wild for the Dobberlys, who were steady-going people, and he went abroad, where he was taken with some kind of fever and died."

"Was this son the only child?"

"No; there were two daughters. The younger of them married; the elder went to live with her—and died unmarried, I've heard say."

"Do you know whom the younger sister married?" I asked.

"No. She didn't marry in London. She went into the country to visit some friends, and she married and settled down in those parts—wherever it might be—and I never heard of her coming back to London again. The carpet business was sold directly after Samuel Meynell's death. The new people kept up the name for a good twenty years; 'Taylor, late Meynell, established 1693,' that's what was painted on the board above the window; but they've dropped the name of Meynell now. People forget old names, you see, and it's no use keeping to them after they're forgotten."

Yes, the old names are forgotten, the old people fade off the face of the earth. The romance of Matthew Haygarth seemed to come to a lame and impotent conclusion in this dull record of dealers in carpeting.

"You can't remember what part of England it was that Christian Meynell's daughter went to when she married?"

"No. It wasn't a matter I took much interest in. I don't think I ever spoke to the young woman above three times in my life, though she lived in the same street, and though her brother and I often met each other at the Cat and Salutation, where there used to be a great deal of talk about the war and Napoleon Bonaparte in those days."

"Have you any idea of the time at which she married?" I inquired.

"Not as to the exact year. I know it was after I was married; for I remember my wife and I sitting at our window up stairs one summer Sunday evening and seeing Samuel Meynell's sister go by to church. I can remember it as well as if it was yesterday. She was dressed in a white gown and a green silk spencer. Yes, and I didn't marry my first wife till 1814. But as to telling you exactly when Miss Meynell left Aldersgate Street, I can't."

These reminiscences of the past seemed to exercise rather a mollifying influence upon the old man's mind, commonplace as they were. He ceased to look at me with sharp, suspicious glances, and he seemed anxious to afford me all the help he could.

"Was Christian Meynell's father called William?" I asked, after having paused to make some notes in my pocket-book.

"That I can't tell you; though, if Christian Meynell was living to-day, he wouldn't be ten years older than me. His father died when I was quite a boy; but there must be old books at the warehouse with his name in them, if they haven't been destroyed."

I determined to make inquiries at the carpet warehouse; but I had little hope of finding the books of nearly a century gone by. I tried another question.

"Do you know whether Christian Meynell was an only son, or the only son who attained manhood?" I asked.

My elderly friend shook his head.

"Christian Meynell never had any brothers that I heard of," he said; "but the parish register will tell you all about that, supposing that his father before him lived all his life in Aldersgate Street, as I've every reason to believe that he did."

After this I asked a few questions about the neighboring churches, thanked Mr. Grewter for his civility, and departed.

I went back to Omega Street, dined upon nothing particular, and devoted the rest of my evening to the scrawling of this journal, and a tender reverie, in which Charlotte Halliday was the central figure.

How bitter poverty and dependence have made Diana Paget! She used to be a nice girl too.

Oct. 16. To-day's work has been confined to the investigation of parish registers—a most wearisome business at the best. My labors were happily not without result. In the fine old church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, I found registries of the baptism of Oliver Meynell, son of William and Caroline Mary Meynell, 1768; and of the burial of the same Oliver in the following year. I found the record of the baptism of a daughter to the same William and Caroline Mary Meynell; and further on the burial of the said daughter, at five years of age. I also found the records of the baptism of Christian Meynell, son of the same William and Caroline Mary Meynell, in the year 1772, and of William Meynell's decease in the year 1793. Later appeared the entry of the burial of Sarah, widow of Christian Meynell. Later still the baptism of Samuel Meynell; then the baptism of Susan Meynell; and finally that of Charlotte Meynell.

These were all the entries respecting the Meynell family to be found in the registry. There was no record of the burial of Caroline Mary, wife of William Meynell, nor of Christian Meynell, nor of Samuel Meynell, his son; and I knew that all these entries would be necessary to my astute Sheldon before his case would be complete. After my search of the registries I went out into the church-yard to grope for the family vault of the Meynells, and found a grim square monument, inclosed by a railing that was almost eaten away by rust, and inscribed with the names and virtues of that departed house. The burial-ground is interesting by reason of more distinguished company than the Meynells. John Milton, John Fox, author of the martyrology, and John Speed, the chronologer, rest in this City church-yard.

In the hope of getting some clew to the missing data I ventured to make a second call upon Mr. Grewter, whom I found rather inclined to be snappish, as considering the Meynell business unlikely to result in any profit to himself, and objecting on principle to take any trouble not likely to result in profit. I believe this is the mercantile manner of looking at things in a general way.

I asked him if he could tell me where Samuel Meynell was buried.

"I suppose he was buried in foreign parts," replied the old gentleman, with considerable grumpiness, "since he died in foreign parts."

Oh, he died abroad, did he? Can you tell me where?"

"No, Sir, I can't," replied Mr. Grewter, with increasing grumpiness; "I didn't trouble myself about other people's affairs then, and I don't trouble myself about them now, and I don't particularly care to be troubled about them by strangers."

I made the meekest possible apology for my intrusion, but the outraged Grewter was not appeased.

"Your best apology will be not doing it again," he replied. "Those that know my habits know that I take half an hour's nap after dinner. My constitution requires it, or I shouldn't take it. If I didn't happen to have a strange warehouseman on the premises you wouldn't have been allowed to disturb me two afternoons running."

Finding Mr. Grewter unappeasable I left him, and went to seek a more placable spirit in the shape of Anthony Sparsfield, carver and gilder, of Barbican.

I found the establishment of Sparsfield and Son, carvers and gilders. It was a low, dark shop, in the window of which were exhibited two or three handsomely-carved frames, very much the worse for flies, and one oil-painting, of a mysterious and Rembrandtish character. The old-established air that pervaded almost all the shops in this neighborhood was peculiarly apparent in the Sparsfield establishment.

In the shop I found a mild-faced man of about forty engaged in conversation with a customer. I waited patiently while the customer finished a minute description of the kind of frame he wanted made for a set of proof engravings after Landseer; and when the customer had departed I asked the mild-faced man if I could see Mr. Sparsfield.

"I am Mr. Sparsfield," he replied politely.

"Not Mr. Anthony Sparsfield."

"Yes, my name is Anthony."

"I was given to understand that Mr. Anthony Sparsfield was a much older person."

"Oh, I suppose you mean my father," replied the mild-faced man. "My father is advanced in years, and does very little in the business nowadays; not but what his head is as clear as ever it was, and there are some of our old customers like to see him when they give an order."

This sounded hopeful. I told Mr. Sparsfield the younger that I was not a customer; and then proceeded to state the nature of my business. I found him as courteous as Mr. Grewter had been disobliging.

"Me and father are old-fashioned people," he said, "and we are not above living over our place of business, which most of the Barbican tradespeople are nowadays. The old gentleman is taking tea in the parlor up stairs at this present moment, and if you don't mind stepping up to him, I'm sure he'll be proud to give you any information he can. He likes talking of old times."

This was the sort of oldest inhabitant I wanted to meet with—a very different kind of individual from Mr. Grewter, who doled out every answer to my questions as grudgingly as if it had been a five-pound note.

I was conducted to a snug little sitting-room on the first-floor, where there was a cheerful fire and a comfortable odor of tea and toast. I was invited to take a cup of tea; and as I perceived that my acceptance of the invitation would be accounted a kind of favor, I said yes. The tea was very weak, and very warm, and very sweet; but Mr. Sparsfield and his son sipped it with as great an air of enjoyment as if it had been the most inspiring of beverages.

Mr. Sparsfield the elder was more or less rheumatic and asthmatic, but a cheerful old man withal, and quite ready to prate of old times, when Barbican and Aldersgate Street were pleasanter places than they are to-day, or had seemed so to this elderly citizen.

"Meynell!" he exclaimed; "I knew Sam Meynell as well as I knew my own brother, and I knew old Christian Meynell almost as well as I knew my own father. There was more sociability in those days, you see, Sir. The world seems to have grown too full to leave any room for friendship. It's all push and struggle, and struggle and push, as you may say; and a man will make you a frame for five-and-twenty shillings that will look more imposing like than what I could turn out for five pound. Only the gold-leaf will all drop off after a twelve-month's wear; and that's the way of the world nowadays. There's a deal of gilding, and things are made to look uncommon bright; but the gold all drops off 'em before long."

After allowing the old man to moralize to his heart's content, I brought him back politely to the subject in which I was interested.

"Samuel Meynell was as good a fellow as ever breathed," he said; "but he was too fond of the tavern. There were some very nice taverns round about Aldersgate Street in those days; and you see, Sir, the times were stirring times, and folks liked to get together and talk over the day's news, with a pipe of tobacco and a glass of their favorite liquor, all in a sociable way. Poor Sam Meynell took a little too much of his favorite liquor; and when the young woman that he had been keeping company with—Miss Dobberly of Jewin Street—jilted him and married a wholesale butcher in Newgate Market, who was old enough to be her father, Sam took to drinking and neglected his business. One day he came to me and said, 'I've sold the business, Tony'—for it was Sam and Tony with us, you see, Sir—'and I'm off to France.' This was soon after the battle of Waterloo; and many folks had a fancy for going over to France now that they'd seen the back of Napoleon Bonaparte, who was generally alluded to in those days by the name of monster or tiger, and was understood to make his chief diet off frogs. Well, Sir, we were all of us very much surprised at Sam's going to foreign parts; but as he'd always been wild, it was only looked upon as a part of his wildness, and we weren't so much surprised to hear, a year or two afterward, that he'd drunk himself to death upon cheap brandy—odyvee as *they* call it, poor ignorant creatures!—at Calais."

"He died at Calais?"

"Yes," replied the old man; "I forget who brought the news home, but I remember hearing it. Poor Sam Meynell died and was buried among the Mossoos."

"You are sure he was buried at Calais?"

"Yes, as sure as I can be of any thing. Traveling was no easy matter in those days, and in foreign parts there was nothing but diligences, which I've heard say were the laziest-going vehicles ever invented. There was no one to bring poor Sam's remains back to England, for his mother was dead, and his two sisters were settled somewhere down in Yorkshire."

In Yorkshire! I am afraid I looked rather sheepish when Mr. Sparsfield senior mentioned this particular county, for my thoughts took wing and were with Charlotte Halliday before the word had well escaped his lips.

"Miss Meynell settled in Yorkshire, did she?" I asked.

"Yes, she married some one in the farming way down there. Her mother was a Yorkshire woman, and she and her sister went visiting among her mother's relations, and never came back to London. One of them married, the other died a spinster."

"Do you remember the name of the man she married?"

"No," replied Mr. Sparsfield, "I can't say that I do."

"Do you remember the name of the place she went to—the town, or village, or whatever it was?"

"I might remember it if I heard it," he responded, thoughtfully; "and I ought to remember it, for I've heard Sam Meynell talk of his sister Charlotte's home many a time. She was christened Charlotte, you see, after the Queen. I've a sort of notion that the name of the village was something ending in cross, as it might be Charing Cross or Waltham Cross."

This was vague, but it was a great deal more than I had been able to extort from Mr. Grewter. I took a second cup of the sweet warm liquid which my new friends called tea, in order to have an excuse for loitering, while I tried to obtain more light from the reminiscences of the old frame-maker.

No more light came, however. So I was fain to take my leave, reserving to myself the privilege of calling again on a future occasion.

Oct. 18. I sent Sheldon a statement of my Aldersgate Street researches the day before yesterday, and had a long interview with him yesterday morning.

He went carefully through the information I had collected, and approved my labors.

"You've done uncommonly well, considering the short time you've been at the work," he said; "and you've reason to congratulate yourself upon having your ground all laid out for you, as my ground has never been laid out for me. The Meynell branch seems to be narrowing itself into the person of Christian Meynell's daughter and her descendants, and our most important business now will be to find out when, where, and whom she married, and what issue arose from such marriage. This I think you ought to be able to do."

I shook my head rather despondingly.

"I don't see any hope of finding out the name of the young woman's husband," I said, "unless I can come across another oldest inhabitant, gifted with a better memory for names and places than my obliging Sparsfield, or my surly Grewter."

"There are the alms-houses," said Sheldon; "you haven't tried them yet."

"No; I suppose I must go in for the alms-houses," I replied, with the sublime resignation of the pauper, whose poverty must consent to any thing; "though I confess that the prosiness of the alms-house intellect is almost more than I can endure."

"And how do you know that you mayn't get the name of the place out of your friend the carver and gilder?" said George Sheldon; "he has given you some kind of clew in telling you that the name ends in cross. He said he should know the name if he heard it; why not try him with it?"

"But in order to do that, I must know the name myself," replied I, "and in that case I shouldn't want the aid of my Sparsfield."

"You are not great in expedients," said Sheldon, tilting back his chair, and taking a shabby folio from a shelf of other shabby folios. "This is a British gazetteer," he said, turning to the index of the work before him. "We'll test the ancient Sparsfield's memory with every cross in the three Ridings, and if the faintest echo of the name we want still lingers in his feeble old brain, we'll awaken it." My patron ran his finger-nail along one of the columns of the index.

"Just take your pencil and write down the names as I call them," he said. "Here we are—Aylsey Cross; and here we are again—Bowford Cross, Callindale Cross, Huxter's Cross, Jarnam Cross, Kingsborough Cross." Then, after a careful examination of the column, he exclaimed: "Those are all the crosses in the county of York; and it will go hard with us if you or I can't find the descendants of Christian Meynell's daughter at one of them. The daughter herself may be alive for any thing we know."

"And how about the Samuel Meynell who died at Calais? You'll have to find some record of his death, won't you? I suppose in these cases one must prove every thing."

"Yes, I must prove the demise of Samuel," replied the sanguine genealogist; "that part of the business I'll see to myself, while you hunt out the female branch of the Meynells. I want an outing after a long spell of hard work; so I'll run across to Calais and search for the register of Samuel's interment. I suppose somebody took the trouble to bury him, though he was a stranger in the land."

"And if I extort the name we want from poor old Sparsfield's recollection?"

"In that case you can start at once for the place, and begin your search on the spot. It can't be above fifty years since this woman married, and there must be some inhabitant of the place old enough to remember her.—Oh, by-the-by, I suppose you'll be wanting more cash for expenses," added Mr. Sheldon, with a sigh.

He took a five-pound note from his pocket-book, and gave it to me with a piteous air of self-sacrifice. I know that he is poor, and that whatever money he does contrive to earn is extorted from the necessities of his needier brethren. Some of this money he speculates upon the chances of the Haygarthian succession, as he has speculated his money on worse chances in the past. "Three thousand pounds!" he said to me, as he handed me the poor little five-pound note; "think what a prize you are working for, and work your hardest. The nearer we get to the end the slower our progress seems to me; and yet it has been very rapid progress, considering all things."

So sentimental have I become that I thought less of that possible three thousand pounds than of the fact that I was likely to go to Yorkshire, the county of Charlotte's birth, the county where she was now staying. I reminded myself that it was the largest shire in England, and that of all possible coincidences of time and place there could be none more unlikely than the coincidence that would bring about a meeting between Charlotte Halliday and me.

"I know that for all practical purposes I shall be no nearer to her in Yorkshire than in London," I said to myself; "but I shall have the pleasure of fancying myself nearer to her."

Before leaving George Sheldon I told him of the fragmentary sentences I had heard uttered by Captain Paget and Philip Sheldon at the Lawn; but he pooh-poohed my suspicions.

"I'll tell you what it is, Valentine Hawkehurst," he said, fixing those hard, black eyes of his upon me as if he would fain have pierced the bony covering of my skull to discover the innermost workings of my brain, "neither Captain Paget nor my brother Phil can know any thing of this business unless you have turned traitor and sold them my secrets. And mark me, if you have, you've sold yourself and them into the bargain: my hand holds the documentary evidence, without which all your knowledge is worthless."

"I am not a traitor," I told him quietly, for I despise him far too heartily to put myself into a passion about any thing he might please to say of me, "and I have never uttered a word about this business either to Captain Paget or to your brother. If you begin to distrust me, it is high time you should look out for a new coadjutor."

I had my Sheldon, morally speaking, at my feet in a moment.

"Don't be melodramatic, Hawkehurst," he said; "people sell each other every day of the week, and no one blames the seller provided he makes a good bargain. But this is a case in which the bargain would be a very bad one."

After this I took my leave of Mr. Sheldon. He was to start for Calais by that night's mail, and return to town directly his investigation was completed. If he found me absent on his return he would conclude that I had obtained the information I required and started for Yorkshire. In this event he would patiently await the receipt of tidings from that county.

I went straight from Gray's Inn to Jewin Street. I had spent the greater part of the day in Sheldon's office, and when I presented myself before my complacent Sparsfield junior, Sparsfield senior's tea and toast were already in process of preparation; and I was again invited to step up stairs to the family sitting-room, and again treated with that Arcadian simplicity of confidence and friendliness which it has been my fate to encounter quite as often in the heart of this sophisticated city as in the most pastoral of villages. With people who were so frank and cordial I could but be equally frank.

"I am afraid I am making myself a nuisance to you, Mr. Sparsfield," I said; "but I know you'll forgive me when I tell you that the affair I'm engaged in is a matter of vital importance to me, and that your help may do a great deal toward bringing matters to a crisis."

Mr. Sparsfield senior declared himself always ready to assist his fellow-creatures; and was good enough further to declare that he had taken a liking to me. So weak had I of late become upon all matters of sentiment, I thanked Mr. Sparsfield for his good opinion, and then went on to tell him that I was about to test his memory.

"And it ain't a bad 'un," he cried, cheerily, clapping his hand upon his knee by way of emphasis. "It ain't a bad memory, is it, Tony?"

"Few better, father," answered the dutiful Anthony junior. "Your memory's better than mine, a long way."

"Ah," said the old man with a chuckle, "folks lived different in my day. There weren't no gas and there weren't no railroads, and London tradespeople was content to live in the same house from year's end to year's end. But now your tradesman must go on his foreign tours like a prince of the royal family, and he must go here and go there; and when he's been every where, he caps it all by going through the Gazette. Folks staid at home in my day; but they made their fortunes, and they kept their health, and their eyesight, and their memory, and their hearing, and a many of 'em have lived to see the next generation making fools of themselves."

"Why, father," cried Anthony junior, aghast at this flood of eloquence, "what an oration!"

"And it ain't often I make an oration, is it, Tony?" said the old man, laughing. "I only mean to say that if my memory's pretty bright, it may be partly because I haven't frittered it away upon nonsense, as some folks have. I've staid at home and minded my own business, and left other people to mind theirs. And now, Sir, if you want the help of my memory, I'm ready to give it."

"You told me the other day that you could not recall the name of the place where Christopher Meynell's daughter married, but you said you should remember it if you heard it, and you also said that the name ended in cross."

"I'll stick to that," replied my ancient friend, "I'll stick to that."

"Very well then. It is a settled thing that the place was in Yorkshire?"

"Yes, I'm sure of that too."

"And that the name ended in cross?"

"It did, as sure as my name is Sparsfield."

"Then in that case, as there are only six towns or villages in the county of York the names of which end in cross, it stands to reason that the place we want must be one of those six."

Having thus premised, I took my list from my pocket and read aloud the names of the six places very slowly for Mr. Sparsfield's edification.

"Aylsey Cross—Bowford Cross—Callindale Cross—Huxter's Cross—Jarnam Cross—Kingsborough Cross."

"That's him!" cried my old friend, suddenly.

"Which?" I asked, eagerly.

"Huxter's Cross; I remember thinking at the time that it must be a place where they sold things, because of the name Huxter, you see, pronounced just the same as if it was spelt with a ck instead of an x. And I heard afterward that there'd once been a market held at the place, but it had been done away with before our time. Huxter's Cross; yes, that's the name of the place where Christopher Meynell's daughter married and settled. I've heard it many a time from poor Sam, and it comes back to me as plain as if I'd never forgotten it."

There was an air of conviction about the old man which satisfied me that he was not deceived. I thanked him heartily for his aid as I took my leave.

"You may have helped to put a good lump of money in my pocket, Mr. Sparsfield," I said; "and if you have, I'll get my picture taken, if it's only for the pleasure of bringing it here to be framed."

With this benedictory address I left my simple citizens of Barbican. My heart was very light as I wended my way across those metropolitan wilds that lay between Barbican and Omega Street. I am ashamed of myself when I remember the foolish cause of this elation of mind. I was going to Yorkshire, the county of which my Charlotte was now an inhabitant. My Charlotte! It is a pleasure even to write that delicious possessive pronoun—the pleasure of poor Alnascher, the crockery-seller, dreaming his day-dream in the eastern market-place.

Can any one know better than I that I shall be no nearer Charlotte Halliday in Yorkshire than I am in London? No one. And yet I am glad my Sheldon's business takes me to the woods and wolds of that wide northern shire.

Huxter's Cross—some heaven-forgotten spot, no doubt. I bought a railway time-table on my way home to-night, and have carefully studied the bearings of the place among whose mouldy records I am to discover the history of Christopher Meynell's daughter and heiress.

I find that Huxter's Cross lies off the railroad, and is to be approached by an obscure little station—as I divine from the ignominious type in which its name appears—about sixty miles northward of Hull. The station is called Hidling; and at Hidling there seems to be a coach which plies between the station and Huxter's Cross.

Figure to yourself again, my dear, the heir-at-law to a hundred thousand pounds vegetating in the unknown regions of Huxter's Cross-cum-Hidling, unconscious of his heritage!

Shall I find him at the plow-tail, I wonder, this mute, inglorious heir-at-law? or shall I find an heiress with brawny arms meekly churning butter? or shall I discover the last of the Meynells taking his rest in some lonely church-yard, not to be awakened by earthly voice proclaiming the tidings of earthly good fortune?

I am going to Yorkshire—that is enough for me. I languish for the starting of the train which shall convey me thither. I begin to understand the nostalgia of the mountain herdsman; I pine for that northern air, those fresh, pure breezes blowing over moor and wold—though I am not quite clear, by-the-by, as to the exact nature of a wold. I pant, I yearn for Yorkshire. I, the cockney, the child of Temple Bar, whose cradle-song was boomed by the bells of St. Dunstan's and St. Clement's Danes.

Is not Yorkshire my Charlotte's birth-place? I want to see the land whose daughters are so lovely.

COMING O'ER THE SEA.

ON the shore I linger
  Looking o'er the waves,
Where the idle ripple
  Rock and shingle laves,
Color'd shells and sea-weed
  Bearing unto me,
Waiting for my true love
  Coming o'er the sea.

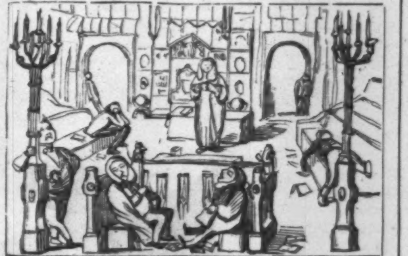
All the pearls of ocean,
  All the hoards that lie
In the stately vessels
  Black against the sky;
All the waves' wild beauty—
  What are these to me,
Waiting for my true love
  Coming o'er the sea?

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

REPORTERS' GALLERY, HOUSE OF LORDS,
LONDON, *May* 29, 1867.

DEAR WEEKLY,—I came here for the purpose of seeing the noble Lords, and to hear their remarks, as they were in turn wakened up, on Lord SHAFTESBURY'S "Clerical Vestments Bill." It appears that last evening the noble Lord gave notice that he would move the bill (although it was a pretty heavy lift for one man) in the House this evening. He explained the reason for so doing; the adoption of unusual, expensive, and, in many cases, of bad-fitting vestments by certain of the clergy had created considerable anxiety and dissatisfaction, particularly among the clergy of third-rate livings. That their use would incur an expense that was not convenient for the clergy in the rural districts with rising families, and was consequently operating injuriously to the interests of the Establishment, and which has heretofore been run satisfactorily without such expensive modes of advertising. Promising that he desired no innovation, he cited numerous authorities, while the other noble Lords were asleep, to show that for the last three centuries the surplice was the only clerical vestment that had been sanctioned, that more than that was an objectionable surplus. [Hear! hear! among the reporters, which demonstration was so loud as to waken up the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.] He also said he would read the bill if the noble Lords were willing, and as



THEY SEEMED ALL TO NOD ASSENT

to that (as they had been doing to all other propositions), the noble Lord read the bill. For the benefit of your readers on your side of the Atlantic I herewith give a copy of

THE CLERICAL VESTMENTS BILL.

LONDON CHURCH FURNISHING CO. (*Limited.*)

Rev. Awlis Vanitie, D.D.
Church of St. Prydoff-Life } *Dr.*

	£	s.	d.
To eight embroidered caps (choristers)	4	6	0
" " surplices "	11	17	8
" four bouquet-holders		8	0
" artificial and natural flowers	3	9	2
" four censer pots, chains and bells, complete.	5	14	0
" twelve candlesticks (plated)	8	2	0
" one box wax candles (32 inch)	1	6	0
Total	35	2	10

Received payment for the Company,
[STAMP] —— ——

The noble Lord said that this bill of thirty-five pounds and over was not only onerous to small parishes, but in violation of the canons of the Church, particularly the Canon of 1604.

Sir ROBERT PEEL rose and said: "It wath time that th-th-thome of the canonth of the Ch-Ch-Church wath altered. The Empewow of Wussia wath do-do-doing that with hith cannonths at all the arthnels."

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY said it was in the hands of a Commission, and he would like to hear a report before any of the canons were altered, that perhaps action in certain circumstances would not be allowed.

Sir ROBERT said: "I d-d-don't think the ef-ef-efficiency of aw-aw cannon conthists in a loud wepowt and Thir JWAMES AWMSTWANG ith of my op-op-opinion."

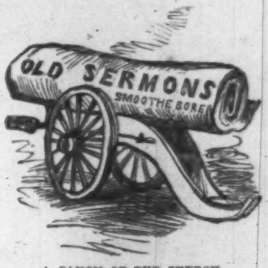
Lord SHAFTESBURY said he anticipated some objections might be offered to the bill, but he asserted the necessity of immediate action, as the churches that were running ritualistic pieces were drawing full houses to the great injury of the smaller churches; he wanted immediate action, for if the matter got into the hands of a Royal Commission it would be extended over two or three years, and in the mean time close up the non-ritualistic churches in the metropolis. We must not put the ritualistic muzzle on the ox that treadeth out the grain.

Sir ROBERT PEEL rose and said: "I w-w-would wemove the muzzle fwom the c-c-cannonth of the Chuwch if it bindeth their ef-ef-fficiency, I w-w-would, by Jove!" [Suppressed tittering in the Reporters' Gallery.]

Lord SHAFTESBURY, after quoting from various publications of the Ritualists to show the rapid strides they were making toward a Romish ceremonial doctrine, expressed his conviction that, unless they interfered with it, the body of the Church would be highly incensed, particularly if the censers were given full swing. [Hear! hear!]

Sir ROBERT said that was "vewy good for the no-no-noble Lord."

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, having wakened up at this little sensation, said he thought the bill that had just been read was not objectionable, indeed it was very moderate. In his Cathedral they used twelve bouquet-holders and twelve censers. He therefore moved that the whole thing be referred to a Royal Commission with power to curtail the ritual, or to adopt

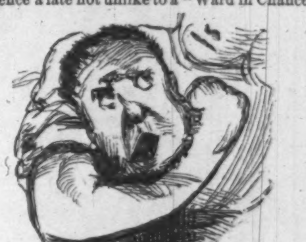


A CANON OF THE CHURCH

to the new order of things.

Sir ROBERT PEEL moved that they be "bweech-loaders, for the doctwins of Thaint Peter mutht give w-w-way to th-th-thwalpetre, by Jove!"

Lord SHAFTESBURY, who was awake during the whole of the debate as well as Sir ROBERT, declined to agree to the amendment referring the matter to a Royal Commission, that the bill in that case would experience a fate not unlike to a "Ward in Chancery."



Sir ROBERT said that "a f-f-fellowth's head in Chancwy ith the motht inef-ef-efficient place to have a f-f-fellowth's head."

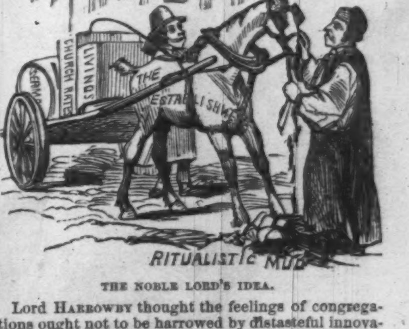
Lord NELSON observed that, if the use of the vestments complained of was illegal, there was no use of their action, and if they were not illegal, action was highly out of place.

The BISHOP OF LONDON, who was now awake, admitted that a great evil did exist, but they must have charity. He remembered when, at the Covent Garden Theatre, the legitimate drama would not "draw," and the manager told him that it became necessary occasionally to resort to the spectacular drama to attract the masses. A show-piece has saved the fortunes of many an establishment besides Covent Garden. [Hear! hear!] So with your ritualism—it is the show-piece brought on by the managers to save a dwindling congregation. [Hear! hear!]

Sir ROBERT PEEL moved that "we diwect the services wather than pwohibit them; that the line should fowm at the d-d-dow and move up the m-m-middle aisle at half patht ten pwethithely, and that they be well dwilled. It mutht 'dwaw,' b-b-by Jove!" [Loud sensation.]

Lord DEVON warned the House against adopting apparently harsh legislation. He had observed once in the streets of London a cruel drayman beating a balky horse, but the animal was stubborn and refused to move. A gentleman stepped from the side-walk, and taking some mud out of the gutter rubbed the horse's nose with it, when he started right off with his load at a brisk pace. The astonished drayman asked the stranger what virtue there was in the mud. He replied, "Nothing; it only gave the horse a new idea." Now perhaps this mud of ritualism rubbed on the nose of balky workers in the Establishment may give them a new idea, and start them right on anew. He would approve waiting and see if they would pull better before he condemned it.

Below, dear *Weekly*, I give a pictorial sketch of what I conceive to be



THE NOBLE LORD'S IDEA.

Lord HARROWBY thought the feelings of congregations ought not to be harrowed by distasteful innovations, and would therefore support the bill.

The Bishops of DURHAM and CARLISLE supported one another in the reading of the bill.

Sir ROBERT PEEL said he "wath not in a pwo-pwo-pwosition to ef-ef-efficiently thuppowt any vewy large bill jus-jus-just now, but he would thuppowt the B-B-BISHOP OF CANTERBEWWEY if the B-B-Bishop needed any ef-ef-efficient thuppowt.

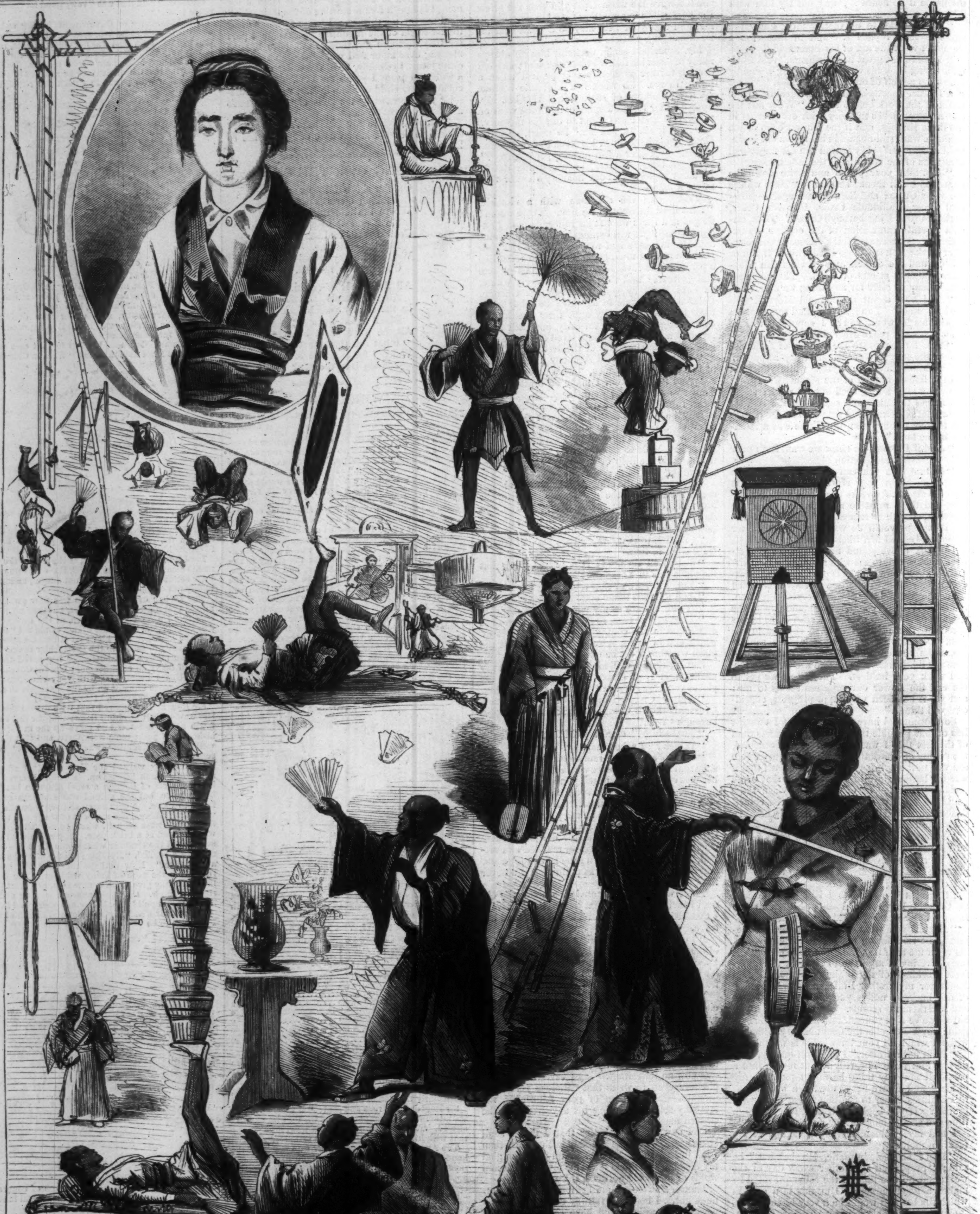
Lord DERBY regretted the debate till this late hour; but, as Lord SHAFTESBURY was now asleep, he would move, without waking the noble Lord, the referring of the bill to a Royal Commission, and an adjournment without delay.

Upon a division the motion for adjourning was carried by a vote of 13 to 1—Sir ROBERT PEEL voting to stay there till "bwoad daylight, b-b-by Jove!"

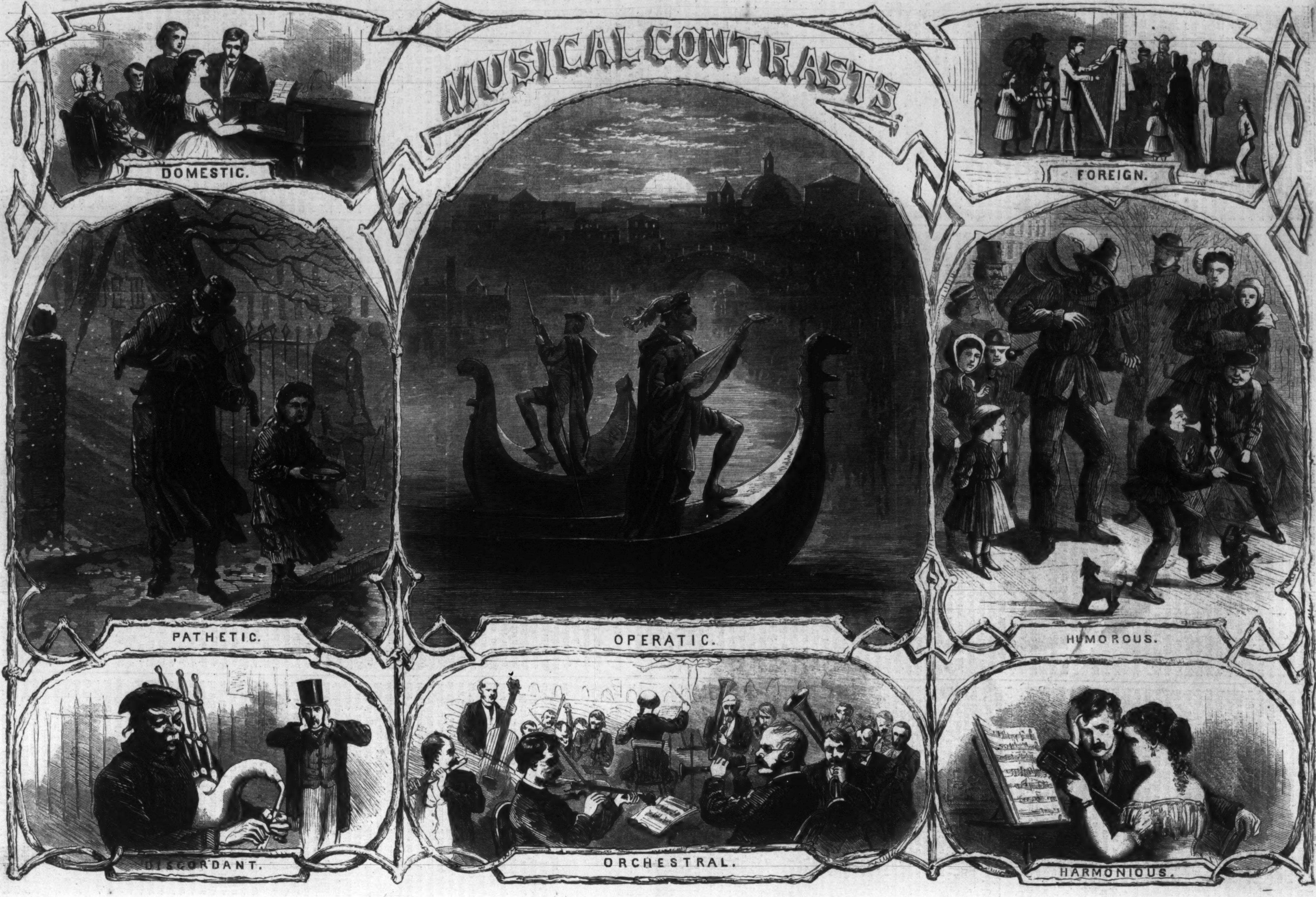
Thus closed the exciting debate in the House of Lords on the Clerical Vestments Bill. I left all of the noble Lords asleep and Sir ROBERT hunting around for a place to settle down to nap, but most of them will be wakened up in time to revise their speeches for the city edition of the *Times*, so the Reporters informed me.

I see none of the press correspondents here as reliable in their reports as

Your own C. O. W.



MAGUIRE & RISLEY'S JAPANESE TROUPE IN THEIR MARVELOUS FEATS AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]


MUSICAL CONTRASTS.
DOMESTIC.
FOREIGN.
PATHETIC.
OPERATIC.
HUMOROUS.
DISCORDANT.
ORCHESTRAL.
HARMONIOUS.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE month of May seems to have slipped out of the calendar this year. One day last week summer made a sudden descent upon us, and found almost every body still wrapped in flannels and over-coats. These were doffed with most unphysiological haste; and no one regrets their banishment to the cedar-wood and camphor-scented trunks of the store-room. But where went the long "spell" of delicious weather—days neither too hot nor too cold, but "just right"—which usually blesses us during the balmy month of May? A few bright days gave promise of others fresh and spring-like, when suddenly we stepped, as it were, from April weather into June days.

During these early summer days let no one neglect to make a tour of the Central Park. Indeed, one ought to visit the Park at least once a week all the year round in order to appreciate its ever-changing beauty. The eye is charmed by the wonderful variety of flowers which, tastefully arranged, successively blossom in their own appropriate season. A month ago the Park was gorgeous with its soft green and yellow carpet. Now the dandelion is not a *rare* flower certainly, and to many not beautiful; but never was there any thing gayer, fresher, and more sparkling than the rich grass of a month ago, dotted with myriads of golden blossoms. Little ones clapped their hands in delight at the sight, and children of older growth, leaning back in cushioned carriages, gazed with dreamy eyes upon the restful luxuriance. A week ago the white and purple lilacs were a feature of the Park; and presently the primroses will be in their glory. These are common flowers, it is true, but none the less lovely; and there is no lack of rare ones, with puzzling names. Count the different kinds of flowers you see in a single drive through the Central Park, and you will be surprised at the number. Better than medicine to invigorate mind and body is an hour daily in the fresh air and amidst the delightful scenery of our beautiful Park.

Speaking of flowers brings to mind a recent account given by the British Vice-Consul at Adrianople of the rose-fields in that vicinity. They extend over 12,000 or 14,000 acres, and supply the most important source of wealth in the district. The season for picking the roses is from the latter part of April to the early part of June; and when hundreds of boys and girls are gathering the sweet-scented blossoms into their baskets and sacks the vast gardens present a charming picture. It is estimated that the rose districts of Adrianople produced in the season of 1866 about 700,000 miscals of attar of roses (the miscal being 1¼ drachm), the price averaging about $1 per miscal. The oil is extracted by ordinary distillation, and is usually adulterated before it is offered for sale.

The new "Horticultural Hall" which Philadelphia has built is said to be the largest in the United States. It measures 75 by 200 feet, and covers 15,000 square feet. The Hall is, of course, to be used for musical purposes.

The proprietor of a large five-story tenement house in Pearl Street has been sentenced to the Penitentiary for one month, and fined fifty dollars, for positively refusing to furnish his premises with a proper fire escape, which is required by law.

Some time ago an enterprising baker in Paris announced that he should put a gold coin into one of his loaves of bread every morning. The gold was really found, purchasers grew plenty, and the baker grew rich. Thereupon a sausage-maker enveloped some gold in one of his sausages daily, and soon made his fortune. This novel style of advertising has more recently been adopted by certain well-known tobacconists of this city. A hundred dollar greenback is daily placed in a ten cent package of tobacco; and by throwing out this tempting bait plenty of fish will bite.

The Broadway shops are filled with summer dress-goods of every shade and fabric. The styles are very pretty, and ladies hover like bees about the delicate silks, muslins, grenadines, poplins, etc., etc., which they are longing to buy. Those ladies who need to replenish their wardrobes can not fail to suit themselves. But if they do not require new dresses, or do not know with some definiteness *what* they want in the way of material, it is dangerous to venture among the pretty things, they will be certain to lose their money unawares. The following rules may be useful to many.

Go shopping only when it is actually necessary.

Dress appropriately for the occasion.

Never take a man shopping with you.

Treat clerks like ladies and gentlemen, until they themselves give you sufficient reason to consider them otherwise.

Buy only what you need for present use.

Avoid bargains and "cheap stores" as you would avoid the plague.

Never buy an article without considering how it is going to correspond with the rest of your wardrobe.

Don't "cheapen!"

The Catholic Fair in Union Square attracts considerable attention. Those who do not have curiosity enough to seek admittance mentally wonder what induced the city authorities to allow the Square to be thus occupied to the manifest inconvenience of the public. Waiving that question, however, the Fair seems to be well patronized. Among the curiosities offered for sale to the highest bidders are a piece of wood of General Washington's coffin, in which his body reposed 38 years, and a ring, over 100 years old, made from a piece of the ferrule of his cane. Also, if any one desires to possess a piece of an embroidered silk dress once worn by Martha Washington, it can be obtained for $100.

The Dubuque *Times* gives an account of a terrific hail-storm in that vicinity, which seriously injured the crops, killed poultry of all kinds, and even knocked down a pair of horses! The hail fell—so the report is—to the depth of four inches; and hailstones "as large as a man's fist" and "as large as hen's eggs" were plenty.

Burglary is an every-night occurrence in our city; and no measures are taken to prevent it, which are as efficient and successful as New York ought to institute. It has been very justly remarked by a correspondent of one of our daily papers, that a "policeman should not plod along upon his beat at particular hours. He should appear at unexpected places, and at unexpected times—pouncing like a terrier upon thieves before they have any suspicion of his presence." Of course, if a burglar meditates an attack upon a particular house he will inform himself previously, in regard to the habits of the policemen in that vicinity; and if those habits are uniform, and he ascertains, for example, that a policeman passes that house about two o'clock every morning, he will postpone his operations until after that crisis. Yet in many, perhaps in most parts of the city, the police have a regular beat, which they regularly perform.

As a few "dog-days" made their appearance before June came in, one or two facts in regard to hydrophobia may be of interest. It is said that this disease, which is due to the existence of a special form of poison in the blood, and is contagious, has also been epidemic in various parts of the world within recent times. Many instances are given by an English physician in proof of this statement. But whenever hydrophobia has spread epidemically it has always been noticed that dogs running about free, and entering without supervision into towns, were the first cause of the extension of the disease. There has been a good deal of apprehension that hydrophobia would be more than usually prevalent during the coming summer. Whether there are sufficient grounds for such apprehension or not may be a question. But there can be no doubt that unowned and uncared-for dogs should be taken into the keeping of the proper authorities.

There are many ways of getting out of a corner if people will only have their wits about them. Perhaps it is seldom more neatly and promptly done than it was once by a gentleman of fortune and celebrity, who was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the gentleman, as in duty bound, showed every attention. Just as he was about to take his leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him in a matter which, she alleged, was causing her no little distress. "It is reported," said the lady, "that you are to marry my daughter Laura. What shall we do? What shall we say about it?" "Oh," quietly responded the considerate gentleman, "just say she refused me."

A very superior glue may be made, remarks the *Mechanics' Magazine*, by dissolving three parts of India-rubber in thirty-four parts of naphtha. When the rubber is completely dissolved add sixty-four parts of finely-powdered shellac. This mixture may be obtained in sheets like glue by pouring it, when hot, upon plates of metal, where it will harden. When required for use it may be simply heated until soft. Two pieces of wood or leather joined together with this glue can scarcely be sundered without a fracture or tearing of the parts.

A man who had been a grinder at the axe-works in East Douglas, Massachusetts, for fourteen years, recently died. The disease from which he had been suffering seemed peculiar, and on a *post-mortem* examination it was found that his lungs were full of dust from the grindstone. This fact indicates one of the dangers to which those who are engaged in certain departments of mechanical labor are exposed. In this connection it may be of interest to mention that the market value of skilled and educated labor in mechanics is often enormous. In the window-glass factories of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, the "blowers" and "flatters" receive as much as $250 a month, and some who are specially skillful as high as $20 per day. "Melters" in steel-works earn from $20 to $25 a day. Glass silverers, who work on expensive mirrors, receive very high wages. There are few proficients in these departments of labor, consequently the really skillful can command almost any price for their services.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book II.

CHAPTER I.

A BACKWARD GLANCE.

PHILIP EARNSHAW, Mabel's father, a scientific chemist of some standing, had worked his way to a good position in the scientific world, by dint of enormous industry and considerable talent. He had a younger brother, who was also a chemist, and for whom his influence procured an engagement as superintendent of some large chemical works in the north.

This brother, John Earnshaw, was a lively well-looking young man, fonder of play than of work; but on the whole fairly steady, and generally considered by his intimates a "very good fellow." One day he astonished and shocked his family, who were rigid Presbyterians, by bringing home as his wife a young lady who had been performing for a couple of seasons at the theatre of the little provincial town in which he lived. Marry an actress! No words can describe the horror of his relatives; curiously enough, it was the most distant of his kinsfolk who appeared to find the enormity of John's proceeding the most intolerable. It seemed as if the acuteness of their suffering on the occasion were in exact proportion to the unlikelihood of their ever being brought into personal contact with the young couple. One old lady, who had resided for five-and-thirty years in one of the Orkney Islands, and who had never manifested the slightest intention of quitting them, took the trouble to write a long letter to her third cousin, John Earnshaw, for the express purpose of informing him that, after the way in which he had disgraced the family, she felt reluctantly compelled to cast him off forever.

And it must be confessed that over this letter her cousin and his bride enjoyed a very hearty and innocent laugh.

Mary Earnshaw was no beauty. She was scarcely even pretty. But she was sweet, modest, sensible, and as simple-minded and unsophisticated a girl as one would be likely to find in—well, say in Belgravia—perhaps even a trifle more so.

She loved her husband with a very devoted and unselfish affection, and set herself earnestly to become a good notable housewife, and to make his home happy. In both endeavors she thoroughly succeeded. They lived for ten years in peace and contentment, and during that time three fine children were born to them. John Earnshaw continued in his position at the chemical works, and, as neither he nor Mary was ambitious, nor greedy after riches, he found his salary sufficient for their wants.

But a heavy shadow of misfortune darkened their lives. Literally a shadow that blotted out the external sunshine from John Earnshaw, and for a season quenched the rays of hope and cheerfulness within him. He became blind.

The affliction fell upon him gradually, and at first its dreadful extent was not suspected. But a time of agonizing suspense followed, when husband and wife went through alternations of hope and despair that racked them almost beyond endurance. At last the final sentence was pronounced. Total and hopeless blindness for life.

And now John Earnshaw, even in the first fullness of his affliction, perceived how great a blessing God had given him in the brave, faithful, loving woman whom he had taken to his bosom. Of all John Earnshaw's relations his brother Philip alone had abstained from expressing any violent disapprobation of his marriage. He acknowledged John's right to choose for himself, and, having made acquaintance with his pleasant sister-in-law during a flying visit on business to the north, became evermore her stanch friend. Mary Earnshaw's simple heart overflowed with gratitude to her husband's brother. She had looked forward to his visit with awe and trepidation. Philip was a very great personage in the estimation of his brother's household; and when he came, and, instead of a dry, stern, pedantic man of science, such as she had pictured to herself, she found a handsome, genial, courteous gentleman, who behaved to her with a mixture of tenderness and deference such as one might show to a younger sister, her delight and gratitude knew no bounds, and she enshrined Philip in her heart from that time forth as one to be only less beloved and honored than her husband.

When the calamity of blindness fell upon John Earnshaw Philip was newly married. He had made a love-match after living a bachelor until middle life, and had taken to wife a charmingly pretty young creature, the portionless daughter of a country curate. His scientific reputation had not been productive of much pecuniary gain, and he was not without money-troubles. He felt his brother's great affliction very sorely; the more so that he himself was powerless to give him any substantial help. John was, of course, obliged to resign his situation at the chemical works. His employers were kind in words, and, for a time, in deeds. They sent him to London at their own expense to consult a famous oculist, and they continued to pay his salary for some time after he had ceased to earn it. But at last all that came to an end, and it seemed as though absolute beggary stared him and his family in the face.

Mary Earnshaw then rose up with a brave undaunted heart, to help her husband and her children.

"She was determined," she said, "to return to her old profession."

No opposition would have availed to dissuade her from this step, and, indeed, what better prospect had the helpless family? So Mary Earnshaw resumed her maiden name—out of deference to the highly sensitive feelings of her husband's family in the Orkney Islands and elsewhere—and, calling herself Mrs. Walton, returned to the stage.

For years her struggle was a very hard one: but, as she said, God was good to her, and she preserved her health and strength through all the fatigues and vicissitudes of a very laborious life.

By-and-by her children began to contribute something to the weekly earnings. Her eldest girl—about eight years older than Mabel—adopted her mother's calling, and they generally succeeded in getting an engagement together in the same theatre. When this could not be managed, Polly's salary had to be relinquished; for neither father nor mother could bear the thought of parting with their child. And indeed "let us keep together" was the device of the family, and the object of their constant endeavors. The only son, Polly's junior by a year or two, showed some ability as an artist, and was able to turn his talent to account and to contribute to the weekly income by scene-painting. In short, the worst times of poverty and struggle were over for Mrs. Walton (as she was now always called) before the death of Mabel's father. This took place when Mabel was nearly six years old, and she and her mother were left totally unprovided for.

The reader knows that Mrs. Earnshaw became the humble companion and dependent of an old lady residing at the Welsh watering-place where she met her second husband. In this position her child was a burden on her, and the difficulties of placing her in any suitable home, within reach of the widow's slender means, were almost insuperable.

But Mary Walton, mindful of her old affection for Philip, held out her honest, helpful hand to her widowed sister-in-law, and took the little fatherless Mabel to her own home.

"What keeps five of us will keep six," said the little woman to her husband, cheerfully: "and I do believe your brother would have done as much for any of our children."

With her aunt's family, therefore, Mabel continued to live, up to the time of her mother's second marriage. She went with them whithersoever the vicissitudes or necessities of their profession carried them. And whatever else she learned in her aunt's household, this lesson, at least, was taught her by hourly example: that family affection and confidence, unselfish care for others, and cheerful industry, can rob poverty of its grimness, and cast a ray of bright enchantment over the most prosaic details of a hard and precarious life. When Mrs. Earnshaw accepted Benjamin Saxelby, she was obliged to confide to him, with much nervous terror and many tears (for she knew his opinions and modes of thought well enough to dread the disclosure), what manner of people the relatives were with whom her little girl had been and was living. Mr. Saxelby was duly and conscientiously shocked by the confession.

"Of course, my dear," he said, "we must have your daughter—our daughter—away at once. And if it be possible to make this person whom she is with, and who seems to have behaved very kindly to the child, any pecuniary remuneration, I will do what I can. But it must be a sine qua non that Mabel shall hold no further communication with these people. I feel it to be my imperative duty to insist upon this."

So Mabel was taken away from the warm-hearted family who had learned to love her very dearly, and was forbidden to speak of them more.

Her aunt, unselfish as ever, encouraged Mabel in all good feeling toward Mr. Saxelby, telling her that it was a good thing for her mother and herself to find an honest kind protector who would do his duty by them. She uttered no word of complaint to the child of the harsh cold letter in which money-payment was offered her in exchange for her motherly care and affection, and in which she was civilly informed that, according to Mr. Saxelby's most conscientious judgment, she and her family had entered very far on the broad way that leadeth to destruction. Nevertheless, she shed some of the bitterest tears over that letter that she had shed for years.

"I think," she said to her husband, whose indignation knew no bounds, and who was for sending an angry and cutting reply: "I think Mrs. Philip might have spared me this. But perhaps Mrs. Philip can not help it. She never was famous for having a will of her own; and, after all, the man is to be her husband, and I suppose he thinks he is doing right. But, John dear, isn't it very strange that he *should* think so?"

During a year or two after Mabel's removal from her aunt and uncle, letters arrived for her at intervals from one or other of the family; but she was not allowed to answer them. Her mother now and then sent a brief note to the effect that Mabel was well; which brief note was always submitted to Mr. Saxelby's inspection before being dispatched. At last came a letter to Mrs. Saxelby, signed Mary Walton Earnshaw, saying that she and her husband had felt for some time that Mr. and Mrs. Saxelby desired to put an end to communication between the two families, and that, though they should never cease to love their dear brother Philip's daughter, they would send her no more unwelcome letters.

From that time forward no mention was ever made to Mabel of her father's relatives, and they dropped completely out of her life. But she cherished a loving memory of them in her faithful heart.

CHAPTER II.

A JULIET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SOME six weeks after Mabel had left Hazlehurst her mother received from her the following letter:

"EASTFIELD, *December* 30, 18—.

"DEAREST MAMMA,—My last letter told you so much of my life here that I have little more to say on that score. The work is irksome and incessant; but, for the present, I am well, though when I saw my pale face in the glass last night I thought I looked quite *old*. What I am chiefly writing about now is a discovery I made yesterday. You know that I lent Corda Trescott my Robinson Crusoe. Well, her father, it seems, brought it back himself; but it was in the first moments of our great sorrow, and I did not think of mentioning the circumstance to you, nor did I open the book. I don't know why I put it in my trunk to bring away, but there I found it when I unpacked my clothes. Last night I came upon the book, which had been lying beside my little desk ever since my arrival at this place, and I opened it mechanically. Between the fly-leaf and the title-page I found the inclosed little note from Corda. Now, dear mamma, I mean to write to the Trescotts to ask for Aunt Mary's address, and then I shall send her a letter, which I will first forward for your perusal. I hope, dear mamma, that you will not oppose my doing so. My life here is wretched; that is the truth. I would keep it from you if there were any hope of an improvement in the state of things, but there is none. As to my profiting by the masters' lessons that is a farce. I am wasting my life; and for your sake and Dooley's, as well as my own, I feel that I must make an effort in another direction. I promised you to give this school-plan a six months' trial, and I will keep my promise; but I am convinced that it will never afford a decent livelihood for myself. How, then, can I hope to do any thing for Dooley or for you? Let me have your consent to attempt the career that has been my dream for so long. I think—I believe—I could achieve success; at all events, take my most solemn assurance that I can not be more miserable in mind than I am here. I grieve—oh how I grieve!—to distress you, darling mother, but I *know* it is right. Love me, and forgive me, dearest mamma, and kiss my own sweet Dooley's soft cheeks for your ever loving MABEL."

The following was Corda's little note inclosed in the letter, and written in a large, round, childish hand:

"DEAR MISS MABEL,—I am very obliged to you for lending me this book, and I am very glad to find that Missis Walton is your aunt, for she is a very kind lady, like you, and she gave me the fairy stories, and she was very kind to me, and papa knew her in Yorkshur, and please accept my best love from your grateful little friend, CORDELIA ALICE MARY TRESCOTT."

Mabel had indeed passed a weary time at Eastfield. The school was by no means a first-class one. A kind of odor of poverty exhaled from the house. Every necessary comfort was pinched and pared down to the narrowest possible dimensions. Mrs. Hatchett, the schoolmistress, passed her life in that most depressing of human occupations, a struggle to keep up appearances. Gentility was her Moloch, to whom she offered up such little children as came within her clutches. Perhaps, however, the parents who sent their children to Mrs. Hatchett's school were more to blame than that lady herself. Second-rate tradespeople in a small way of business chiefly composed her clientèle; and these people expected that their daughters should receive a "genteel" education, at a yearly rate of payment which would scarcely have sufficed to board and lodge them in a thoroughly good and wholesome manner. So the little girls were crammed four into one small sleeping-room; and had their stomachs filled with heavy suet-pudding instead of eating nourishing food, and breathing pure air. But they learned to torture a piano-forte, and they had a foreign governess who taught them lady's-maid's French with a Swiss accent (though this was of less consequence, as none of the girls were ever able to speak a syllable of the language thus imparted), and their parents flattered themselves that they were doing their duty by them, and giving them a "genteel" education.

The contemplation of this state of things was painful to Mabel's clear sense and upright conscience. But she had little leisure to consider the abstract evils of the case, for the pains and penalties inseparable from a system of hollowness and falsehood pressed very closely upon her.

As she had told her mother, the promise that she should have opportunities of profiting by the lessons of the masters was a mere farce. The literal words of her engagement were, that she should be allowed to devote her "leisure hours" to her own studies. She had no leisure hours. Her days were occupied in an incessant round of drudgery of an almost menial kind. Having arrived at Eastfield so late in the year, it was arranged that she should not return to Hazlehurst for the Christmas holidays. They were not of very long duration in Mrs. Hatchett's establishment, and Mabel did not think herself justified in draining her slender purse by a journey to her home and back again for only a short stay. So she made up her mind to wait until Easter for a sight of her mother and Dooley.

Mrs. Hatchett was not cruel, or malicious, or arrogant, unless driven to those vices by the Moloch whom she worshiped, and to whom she sacrificed herself quite as much as others. But she was covetous, and immeasurably dull.

Mabel passed the Christmas holidays in utter dreariness and desolation; and still that phrase can only, strictly speaking, be applied to the first few days of that period. After a little while, though all the outward circumstances of her life remained unaltered, she discovered a new interest and occupation.

Her discovery of the note in her copy of Robinson Crusoe had confirmed a vague impression she had previously entertained, that Corda's kind friend and her Aunt Mary might be one and the same person. It had, moreover, opened a possible channel of communication with her uncle's family. The more she tried to peer into the chances of her future life the stronger grew her desire to attempt the stage as a profession. The daily pressure of her present existence was squeezing all the buoyancy out of her heart, and, she feared, would crush her bodily health. The atmosphere of Mrs. Hatchett's house was slow poison to her.

She had a great enjoyment in dramatic expression. She had a large share of that idiosyncrasy which delights in the portrayal of strong emotion under the sheltering mask of an assumed individuality. Of her own feelings Mabel was reticent. But she thought she could abandon herself freely in the utterance of Imogen's wifely love, Cordelia's sorrows, or the witty witcheries of Beatrice. She knew something of the seamy side of a player's life, and was not dazzled by that seductive brilliancy of the footlights which has enchanted so many young eyes. She was devotedly fond of her little brother, and ambitious to obtain for him the education of a gentleman. This motive strengthened her resolution. She would lie awake for hours painfully considering how it would be possible for her to make a beginning as an actress. It was naturally toward her Aunt Mary that her main hopes and expectations turned. But in her ignorance of Mrs. Walton's present place of abode she cast about in her mind to find some practical and immediate object on which to expend her energy. She had the very useful habit of doing first the duty that lay nearest to her.

All Mrs. Hatchett's pupils went home for the Christmas holidays with the exception of two little South Americans from Rio Janeiro, who remained at the school. These children were intrusted almost entirely to Mabel's care.

Among the two or three books she had put into her trunk on leaving home was a pocket Shakspeare—a little old, well-worn edition, in terribly small print, that had belonged to her father. During the holidays, when all the sleeping-rooms were not needed for the children, Mabel enjoyed the luxury of a chamber to herself. On many and many a cold winter's night did the lonely girl sit on the side of her little bed, wrapped in a shawl, and straining her eyes over her Shakspeare by the dim light of a miserable candle. She was studying the principal female characters in Shakspeare's plays.

Poor Mabel! As she committed to memory line after line of that noble music whose cadence has so special a charm for the ear, and as she declaimed aloud whole speeches of Portia, Imogen, Cordelia, Rosalind, Juliet, the sordid cares, the monotonous drudgery, the uncongenial associations of her life, were all forgotten. The mean room, with its bare, scanty furniture, faded away, and Mabel roamed, in doublet and hose, through the sun-flecked forest of Arden, seeing the mottled deer glance by under the great oaks, and hearing the stream that "brawled along the wood" babble a murmurous accompaniment to the deep voice of the melancholy Jaques, or Touchstone's dry, satiric laughter. Or, she walked through the quaint mazes of a garden in Messina, and sitting hidden in the

> pleached bower,
> Where honey-suckles ripened by the sun
> Forbid the sun to enter,

listened with a "fire in her ears" to Ursula and Hero discoursing of the Signior Benedick and her disdainful self.

Or, she paced the stately halls of Belmont; or, stood before the choleric old King to speak Cordelia's simple truths and lose her dower. Or, she leaned forth from a balcony amidst the soft beauty of a southern summer night, and drank in the passionate vows of Romeo, as he stood with upturned face whereon the moonlight shone beneath her window.

O youth, O poetry, O mighty wizards, ruling boundless realms of fancy and of beauty, how at the touch of your enchanted wands this "muddy vesture of decay" grows clear and light, and we hear all the quiring of the spheres!

She would wake to the realities around her at the closing of her book as one wakes from a dream. And having no one to whom to confide her hopes and plans, or from whom she could look for sympathy with her wonder at, and admiration of, the genius whose creations were, for her mind, living, breathing, immortal realities, she grew to look forward to the solitary hours spent in her own room as the only hours worth her living for.

With her dreams, too, mingled at times bright prospects. Visions of fame, and of the sweet incense of praise, and the triumphant music of applause. She was but seventeen, and in spite of all her practical sense and severe repression of too sanguine hopes, there were moments when her youth asserted its rich privilege of building fairy castles in the air. But the castles, however stately, were always peopled by those she loved.

As the last days of the holidays drew nigh Mabel studied hard—making the most of the few precious hours of freedom that remained to her before the weary round of school-life should recommence. She had studied herself nearly perfect in Juliet, and was in the habit of reciting long passages from the play aloud at night; until, in her enthusiasm, she would be startled by the sound of her own voice raised in passionate entreaty or vehement grief, and ringing through the desolate house.

One night—the last before the girls came back—she began, while undressing, to repeat the long soliloquy that precedes Juliet's drinking of the sleeping potion. As she spoke the thrilling words in which the love-sick girl breathes out the terrors that crowd upon her fancy, she seemed to see the lofty antique chamber into which darted one blue streak of bright Italian moonlight, the dark shadow-haunted recesses of the spacious room, the dagger with rich handle and sharp blade, the little vial on whose mysterious aid her fate depended. And then she conjured up the appalling picture of the silent stone-cold sepulchre,

> The horrible conceit of death and night,
> Together with the terror of the place,

and all the ghastly remnants of mortality. The unquiet spirit of the murdered Tybalt glided by, seeking Romeo with an awful frown upon its death-pale face; and with a stifled shriek she raised the potion to her lips, and dashing herself down, fell—not on Juliet's couch, but, from the enchanted realms of poetry, down to Mrs. Hatchett's establishment for young ladies at Eastfield. With a heart yet beating fast, and nerves all quivering with emotion, Juliet Transformed crept shivering into bed.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. SAXELBY TAKES COUNSEL.

THE receipt of Mabel's letter threw Mrs. Saxelby into a state of considerable agitation. It did not come upon her with the shock of a surprise. She had known, from the tone of the very first letters from Eastfield, that her child was unhappy in Mrs. Hatchett's house, and that the school could not be of such a class as to give any credentials worth having to a teacher coming out of it. Mrs. Saxelby was weak and selfish, but she had her share of maternal love—of that love which is inseparable from self-sacrifice in some shape. Had it been merely her desire set against Mabel's she might have yielded without a struggle. But she was a woman whose opinions (if not her tastes) were absolutely the echo of the opinions of those around her. During the past five years she had relied on Benjamin Saxelby's judgment, and had adopted his views. And how unhesitatingly he would have condemned such a scheme as Mabel's she well knew.

Oh for some one to advise her! By this Mrs. Saxelby meant some one to say: "I command you to do this thing;" or, "I tell you to abstain from doing that." She read and reread her daughter's letter. "How nice it would be," she thought, "if dear Mabel could be rich and happy and prosperous. Dear me, I've been told that some actresses hold quite a position in society. But of course, if the thing be wrong in itself, *that* ought not to weigh with me. Yet I can't feel sure that it is so very wicked. Philip did not think so, and Mary Walton made his brother an excellent wife. But then Benjamin thought it most dangerous and improper for Mabel to remain in her home; not that I believe she ever learned any thing but good there. Oh dear, oh dear! I wish I knew what to do. I suppose I can not forbid her writing to her aunt in any case. And perhaps, after all, something may happen to prevent her attempting this scheme."

It is no disparagement to Mrs. Saxelby to admit that she certainly did feel the chance of a comfortable home for herself and education for Dooley twitching at her as a strong temptation. Her life at Hazlehurst was utterly dull and colorless, and she missed Mabel every hour.

The one day in the week that brought her a glimpse of cheerfulness was Sunday. When the weather did not make it absolutely impossible, there was the morning walk to church with Dooley (who had become quite a regular attendant there, and had made the personal acquaintance of the mild old clergyman in the silver-rimmed spectacles). Then on Sunday afternoons Clement Charlewood was a frequent visitor. He walked or rode over to Hazlehurst nearly every week, and Dooley never failed to find in a certain outside pocket of his coat a packet of sweetmeats, the discovery of which occasioned ever-new delight and surprise. Did Mrs. Saxelby ever entertain any idea that Clement's frequent visits were not made *quite* disinterestedly? She used to maintain afterward that she had always suspected that he came as much to hear of Mabel as to see herself. But I am inclined to think that she was mistaken there.

On the Sunday afternoon after the receipt of Mabel's letter inclosing little Corda's note the hoofs of Clement's horse were heard clattering sharply on the hard frosty road. Dooley, stationed at the parlor window with a big illustrated Bible, the pictures in which formed his Sunday diversion, announced that "Mr. Tarlewood was tummin'," and ran to the door to meet him.

"I am riding on to leave Duchess at the inn, Mrs. Saxelby," called Clement, lifting his hat as he saw her at the window. "May I take Dooley so far with me? I undertake to bring him back safely."

Dooley, having received permission to go, rushed into the house again, and had his hat stuck on his head all askew by Betty, whose eyes were occupied in staring at Mr. Charlewood and his steed; then she wrapped the child in a warm shawl of his mother's, and lifted him on to the saddle before Clement. Dooley's little pink legs protruded from his bundle of wraps, and stuck out horizontally on either side of the horse. As his hat was all awry, so his flaxen curls were disheveled and waving. But he looked supremely happy as he grasped the bridle with little frost-reddened fingers, and incited Duchess to put forth her mettle by many imperious gees and shouts of "Tum up! Do along, Dutsess!" and several strenuous though unsuccessful efforts to make a clicking noise with his tongue.

As Mrs. Saxelby watched this from the window, and marked the kind smile on Clement's face as he held the little fellow in his protecting arm, a sudden impulse came into her heart to take counsel with Clement touching Mabel's letter. "He is a very clever man of business, and he is fond of Mabel and of all of us, and he will be able to advise me," thought the poor weak little woman.

When Clement and Dooley returned on foot, having left Duchess in a warm stable at the inn, Mrs. Saxelby received them in the little parlor. She had a bright fire in the grate, and the aspect of the room was pleasant and cozy. Clement wondered to himself, as he sat down beside the clean hearth-stone, *what* it was that gave to that poor meanly-furnished little room an atmosphere of peace and comfort such as he never found in any of the rich rooms at Bramley Manor. The cottage at Hazlehurst he felt to be a home, whereas Bramley Manor was only a very handsome house. The difference, though undefinably subtle, was quite appreciable.

"And how is Miss Earnshaw?" said Clement, stroking Dooley's curls. "I hope you continue to have good news of her?"

"Thank you, she is not ill."

There was a tremor in Mrs. Saxelby's voice, and a stress on the last word, that caused Clement to look up quickly.

"You have heard nothing disagreeable, I trust?"

"N—no; that is to say—I wonder if you would mind my reposing a great confidence in you. Mr. Charlewood? I have no right to ask it, but I should be so grateful for your advice."

"A great confidence implies a great responsibility," returned Clement, gravely. It was his character to be earnest and to take things seriously; and the bound his heart gave at Mrs. Saxelby's words—suggestive of some revelation regarding Mabel—made him change color for the moment.

"I repeat, I have no right to burden you with any responsibility," said Mrs. Saxelby, meekly. "But I—I—feel toward you almost as to a son."

Clement flushed, and pressed Dooley's curly head so hard that the child winced.

"Dooley, my boy, I beg your pardon. Did I hurt you?" asked Clement, somewhat confused.

"'Oo did hurt me, but 'oo is very sorry," returned Dooley, endeavoring to combine candor with courtesy.

"Dear Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement, earnestly, "pray do not suppose that I have any selfish dread of responsibility. I am very sensible of your kindness and confidence. Only I doubted whether you might not have found a more competent counselor. One who has a higher regard for you and yours I do not think you would find easily. Was it something concerning Miss Earnshaw that you wished to say to me?"

"Yes. I received a letter from her on Friday morning. I am afraid she is very far from contented in Eastfield."

"*I* dot a letter from Tibby, too!" said Dooley, triumphantly.

"Yes, my darling. Go and tell Betty to wash your hands and face and brush your hair, and then you may bring your letter to show to Mr. Charlewood. I don't like," added Mrs. Saxelby, as the child left the room, "to speak before him. He is very quick, and his attachment to his sister is so strong, that I really believe, baby though he is, it would break his heart to think she was unhappy."

"But I hope, Mrs. Saxelby, that there is nothing serious."

"Ah, but there is, though. Something very serious. There! Read that letter, and tell me your opinion."

Mrs. Saxelby experienced a little trepidation as she gave Mabel's letter into the young man's hand, and felt that she had taken an irrevocable step. Clement read the letter steadily through, and the long sigh of relief that he drew at its close came upon him almost as a revelation. The news was very annoying, very distressing, but—it was not hopeless, not irremediable. What revelation regarding Mabel had he feared, which would have seemed to him so much harder to bear? He did not answer the question even to himself, but he knew in the moment when he laid the letter down that he loved her with all the strength of his heart, and that he would henceforth bend the powers of his will and energy to the endeavor of winning her to be his wife.

"You don't speak, Mr. Charlewood."

"I am not sure that I thoroughly understand the contents of this letter. But I suppose I have guessed their meaning pretty accurately. I presume that the career to which Miss Earnshaw alludes as having been her dream for so long is—is—the stage?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Saxelby. "Now the truth is out. The Aunt Mary she speaks of in her letter is an actress. We never mentioned that part of the family during Mr. Saxelby's lifetime, for he had a very strong objection to—" Mrs. Saxelby finished the sentence in her pocket-handkerchief.

"Not an unreasonable objection, I think," said Clement, almost sternly.

"You think so? You really think so? But you ought to understand, Mr. Charlewood, that my sister-in-law has been an excellent wife and mother. Quite exemplary, and"—Mrs. Saxelby blushed a little—"and she was very kind and good to me, and to my fatherless little girl. Mabel was almost brought up in her uncle's family."

"Do I understand," said Clement, "that you are asking my advice as to your answer to Miss Earnshaw's letter?"

"Yes, indeed I am. *What* do you think I ought to do?" Mrs. Saxelby crossed her hands, and raised her soft blue eyes imploringly.

Perhaps no more subtle flattery can be addressed to a man than through an appeal made to his superior wisdom and experience, by a woman who asks his advice, and appears to lean helplessly and reliantly on his strength. When the appeal is made in the shape of a great confidence, which he supposes to be intrusted to himself alone, and when the appealer is a still graceful and pretty woman the incense is so intoxicating as to be well-nigh irresistible.

Clement—far from being a vain man—was not insensible to this flattery. And though Mrs. Saxelby had just confessed her utter inability to form a judgment for the guidance of her own conduct, he had a confused impression at that moment that she was a very sensible person, and that he had never hitherto done full justice to her discernment.

"Dear Mrs. Saxelby, I appreciate your confidence very highly indeed, and I feel diffident in offering advice on so delicate and important a matter. But since you ask me, I will frankly tell you, that if Miss Earnshaw were my sister, or my—my cousin—I would not hesitate to put a decided veto upon her scheme."

"I thought so," returned Mrs. Saxelby. "I fancied that would be your opinion. But what am I to do with her? You see what she writes. And after all, you know, Mr. Charlewood, her chief anxiety is for me and Dooley."

"Miss Earnshaw is the most excellent young lady I know. Believe me, I have the highest admiration and—and—respect for her. But it is the duty of her true friends to shield her from the consequences of her own generosity and inexperience. Of course, as her mother, you feel that strongly."

"Mabel is not easily turned from what she thinks right, Mr. Charlewood."

"Undoubtedly. But if this course could be shown her to be *not* right?"

"Ah, how is one to do that? I may have my own convictions" (Mrs. Saxelby never did have her own convictions, being always willing to cling to other people's); "but to persuade Mabel of their correctness—that is not so easy."

"She would not disobey your commands?"

"No. She would not do that. She has always been a loving and dutiful child. But how can I have the heart to condemn her to the hopeless drudgery she is now engaged in? You see, she fears that her health may absolutely give way."

"But, Mrs. Saxelby, it does not follow that all her life need be sacrificed to this drudgery. Surely a better position might be found for her. And besides, would you not like, Mrs. Saxelby, to see your daughter, and talk to her yourself?"

"Oh, so much! But that is out of the question until Easter. The Christmas holidays are just over."

"I mean, could you not run over to Eastfield for a day? I have long been intending to ask my friend Dooley to a bachelor dinner. If you would come too, Mrs. Saxelby, I should esteem it a great honor."

"To dinner?"

"Yes; at Eastfield. I have business that will oblige me to go there, at the end of the week. We could dine at the hotel, and I would convey you and Dooley home in the evening. You might thus have an opportunity at once of speaking to Miss Earnshaw, and conferring an obligation on me."

"You are very good; but—"

"Pray don't raise any difficulties, dear Mrs. Saxelby. If it were summer-time, I would bring a carriage and drive you over. But in this weather I fear I must ask you to come by the train. You will be warmer. And the journey will be so much shorter for Dooley at night."

Mrs. Saxelby hesitated only at the idea of going to Eastfield as Clement Charlewood's guest, for she had an uneasy sense that Mabel would disapprove of her doing so. However, Clement's strong purpose prevailed; as almost any strong purpose, strongly urged, was sure to prevail with Mrs. Saxelby. She at last consented to accept the invitation; meanwhile, she would write to Mabel to prepare her for the visit, without returning any decisive answer to her letter.

"Of course you will hold my confidence sacred, and mention what I have said to no one," said Mrs. Saxelby, as Clement was about to take his leave.

"I shall certainly mention it to no one without your express permission. I did think at one time of asking one of my sisters to play hostess for us at our little dinner; but, under the circumstances of our visit to Eastfield, you will prefer that no other person should be asked?"

"Oh, please no. I don't want *any body* to know a word. If Miss Fluke were to hear—"

"Miss Fluke!" exclaimed Clement, with a start. "The last person on this earth to be thought of! If she were to speak to your daughter on this subject—which she would not refrain from doing—would be certain to do if confided in—she would drive Miss Earnshaw to extremity, and offend her beyond forgiveness. Miss Fluke! In Heaven's name do not think of Miss Fluke!"

"Benjamin thought very highly of her," said Mrs. Saxelby, in a deprecating manner.

"Good-by till Saturday, and no Miss Fluke! I will send a fly for you at twelve o'clock, if that will suit your convenience, and will meet you myself at the station at Hammerham."

"Good-by; and thank you very, very much, dear Mr. Charlewood."

Dooley had been standing wistfully for some minutes by Clement's side, holding a letter in his hand; finding himself unnoticed he had crept away to the window, where he climbed upon a chair and knelt with his forehead against the glass.

"Good-by, Dooley!" said Clement, coming behind him.

"Dood-by," said the little fellow, in a low voice, but he neither moved nor looked round.

"Won't you shake hands?"

"No," returned Dooley, dryly.

"Dooley, I'm ashamed of you," cried his mother. "Not shake hands with Mr. Charlewood?"

Dooley turned round slowly and held out his tiny hand; then they saw that the child's eyes were full of tears.

"Why, Dooley, my boy, what's the matter?" asked Clement.

No reply.

"And there's your sister's letter that you never showed me after all. Mayn't I see it now?"

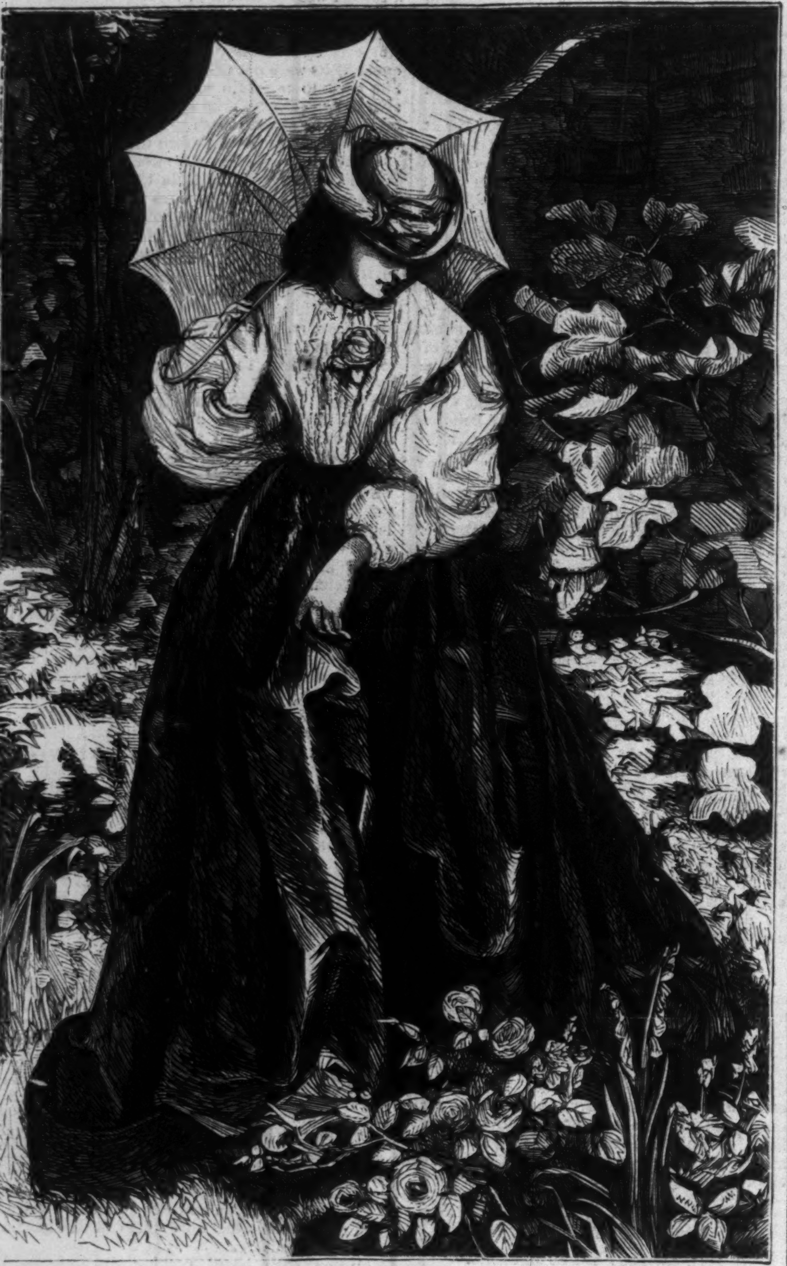
"No."

"No?"

"'Oo don't want to tee it," said Dooley, checking a sob, and turning resolutely toward the window again, with the letter pressed against his breast.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Saxelby aside to Clement, "I see what it is. He is so sensitive about any slight to Tibby. Her letters are his great joy and pride, and he fancied you did not sufficiently appreciate the privilege of seeing one."

Clement took the child in his arms and kissed his forehead with almost a woman's tenderness. "Dooley," said he, "I will be so grateful to you if you will let me see Mabel's letter. I will indeed. I love her, Dooley," he whispered, pressing his cheek against the child's. Dooley looked at him with a solemn, searching gaze, and then gave the letter into his hand without a word.



A ROSE OF JUNE.

Clement read it and duly admired it, and was careful to remark that it was addressed to "Dooley Saxelby, Esq., Hazlehurst, near Hammerham;" upon his reading which direction aloud Dooley chuckled with irrepressible glee, and stuffed a corner of his pinafore, still wet with tears, into his mouth.

Clement walked to the village inn for his horse, mounted, and rode briskly toward Hammerham. His head was full of whirling thoughts, and the beat of his horse's hoofs seemed to be keeping time to the rhythmic repetition of a name.

What name?

Mabel, Mabel, Mabel Earnshaw.

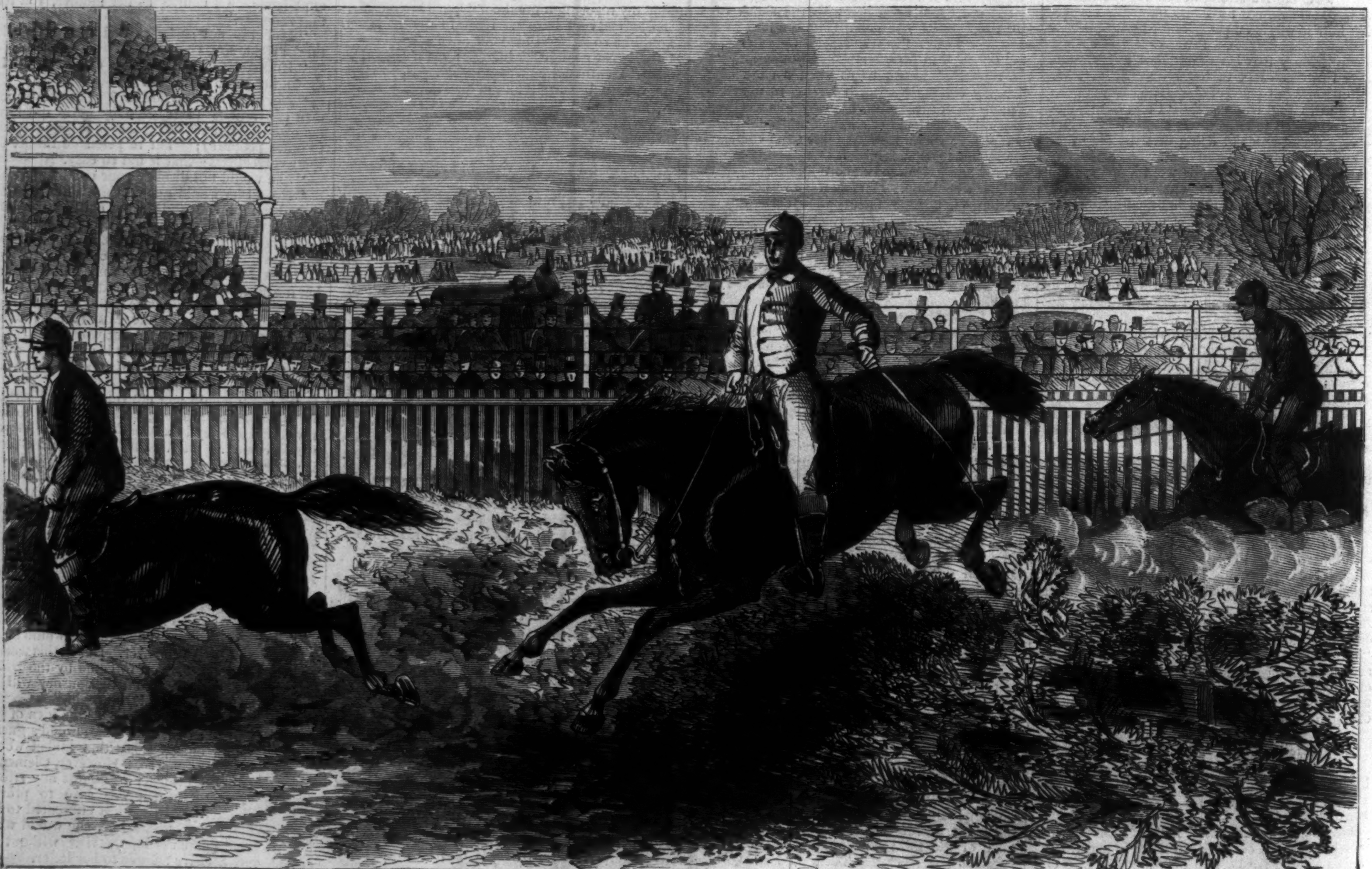
A ROSE OF JUNE.

There never was a fairer May,
  A sweeter month of flowers,
For well I marked it every day,
  Its sunshine and its showers.
I saw the wind-flowers speck with white
  The woodlands and the hills,
I saw the garden-plots grow bright
  With golden daffodils;
And round the bloomy apple-trees
  That brushed my lattice-pane
I heard the humming honey-bees
  Sing many a soft refrain.

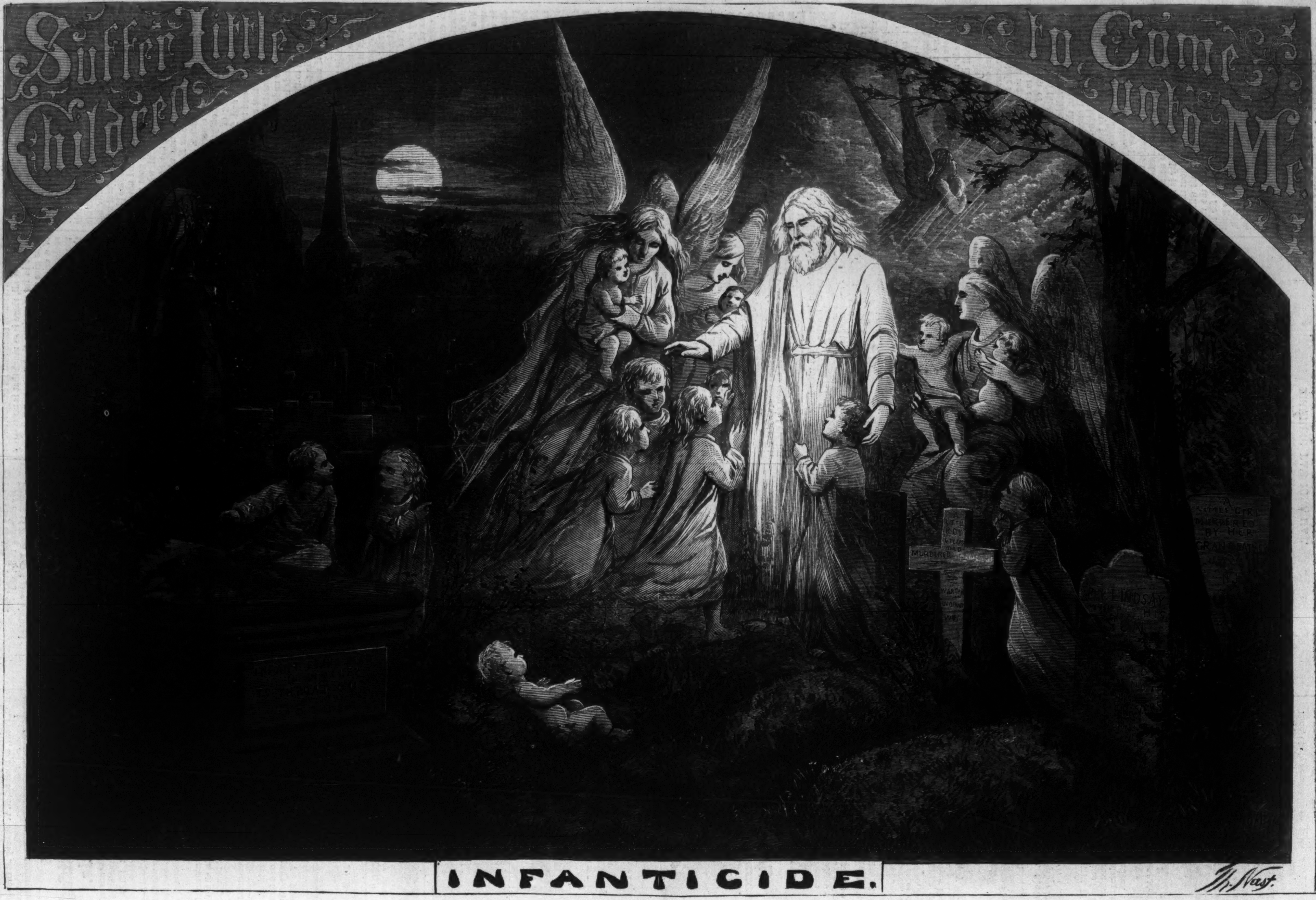
Yet—"wax and wane with speed," I cried,
  "Oh, mellow moon of May,
And usher in the summer-tide
  I long for every day!
For when the honey-suckles shed
  Their sweetness through the air,
And when the roses white and red
  Go climbing every where—
A bud of hope will bloom at last,
  And you shall see, O Moon,
Upon my happy, happy breast
  The fairest rose of June!"

And so the young May-moon grew old,
  For seasons wax and wane,
And heed the happiness they hold
  As little as the pain.
One morning when the east was red
  With promise of the day,
I looked, and lo! upon my bed
  The dainty blossom lay.
A rose of June beyond compare—
  For ah! what roses blow
With dimpled cheeks, and golden hair,
  And violet eyes below?

And never yet was rose of June
  That blossomed all the year;
But mine (ah, you shall see it, Moon!)
  As lovely will appear
When winter wraps the frozen fields
  In burial robes of white
As when the radiant summer yields
  Her treasures of delight.
Nay more—when all the flowers are dead,
  And all the seasons o'er,
My rose will lift a fearless head,
In amaranthine bloom arrayed,
  Beyond the shining shore!



THE HANDICAP HURDLE-RACE AT JEROME PARK, May 25, 1867.—[See First Page.]


Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me.
A LITTLE BOY 4 YEARS OLD MURDERED
WARSAW INDIANA
LINDSAY WHIPPED HIS SON
A LITTLE GIRL MURDERED BY HER GRANDFATHER

INFANTICIDE.

Th. Nast.

SMALL FAMILIES.

Some startling statistics have been gathered by Dr. Allen, of Lowell, Massachusetts, and others, going to show that in this country there has been of late years a remarkable diminution in the size of families among the native inhabitants. "From a careful examination," says Dr. Allen, "of the history of many towns in this State (Massachusetts), it has been found that the average number of children to each family has been gradually diminishing through several succeeding generations; commencing in some places with eight or nine to each family, and now numbering less than three." And he goes so far as to say that "it is very doubtful whether the strictly native inhabitants of the State are increasing." The same condition which has thus been observed in *Puritan* New England has also been found in *infidel* France. It is stated, as the result of statistical observations, that while the average number of offspring from each marriage at the beginning of this century was for the provinces five, and for Paris three, it has sunk now to three and two respectively, and that the population of that empire is, therefore, at the present time, almost stationary.

The facts are undoubted. Any one's observation that extends back over fifty, or even thirty years testifies to them. The question is then not only interesting, but very important, what is the cause, or, if there be more than one, what are the causes?

This subject has been written upon quite freely of late, not only in medical and scientific journals, but in the secular and religious newspapers, and very properly, for no mawkish delicacy should hinder the exposure of evils that so threaten both the physical and moral well-being of society. Most of the writers attribute the result to the very prevalent disposition of mothers to limit the size of their families, from motives of fashion, convenience, etc.; and some even narrow it down to one mode of limitation—the procuring of abortion—as almost the sole cause. We have no doubt that there is a considerable error here. We believe that there is an influence from the very habits of life among women of late years, in contrast with the past, which has induced a deterioration that is calculated, more or less, to prevent child-bearing, or to render it abortive. And this cause operates not merely among the higher classes, but even down to the lowest, for fashionable customs that are prejudicial to health prevail through all grades of society.

But however much we may attribute to the influence just alluded to, the procuring of abortion in one way and another is fearfully prevalent. And it is far from being confined to those who are thoroughly devoted to the world and fashion, or those who have low ideas of propriety, honor, and the aims of life. If it were proper for physicians to divulge their secrets some astonishing revelations could be made of the commonness of this disposition to destroy life in its beginning. There seems to be no thought that the guilt of murder is attached to the act. If a mother deliberately strangles her child after its birth she is a murderer. What is she less if she as deliberately destroys that same life months before. In either case she destroys life—she kills a living child—and the only difference is, that in the one case she sees the child that she kills, and in the other she does not. But perhaps she will say that one is a perfect being, and the other is little more than a germ. Nay, but it is what will be a perfect child, and she knows it. As well might she say that, while homicide is murder, infanticide is guiltless, because the infant is but the germ of a man, knowing almost nothing, and in this respect pretty much on a level with the brutes.

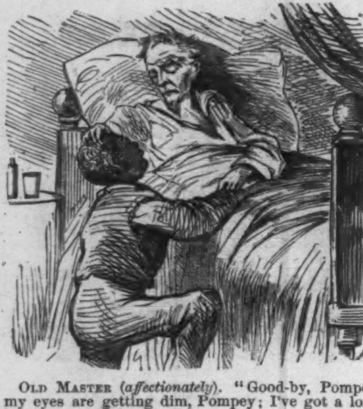
It is a very common notion that before quickening takes place there is no real life, and therefore no guilt is incurred in destroying the child previous to this. But there is life before this as really as after, and it is *the life of a human being*. The child not only lives but moves before this; and what is termed quickening occurs simply because the motion is now so strong that it is perceptible to the mother. There is then at this time no special change in it which makes it any more a human being than it was before.

There is not only murder in the act, but there is no small danger of loss of life to the mother who commits it. Generally, it is true, this is escaped, but death is by no means an infrequent result—it occurs more often by far than in those who reach their full term.

But besides the immediate danger to life there is the liability to confirmed ill-health. Quite a large proportion of those who suffer abortion, and especially of those who procure it for themselves, become invalids.

Considering, then, the physical penalties, but especially the moral ones that attend this high crime, all honest and high-minded physicians utterly refuse to have any participation in it, although they are often solicited, and with the offer of fees of large amount. They do indeed sometimes consent to destroy life, but it is only when it is clear beyond all doubt that this is the only way to save the more valuable life of the mother. Very seldom does this necessity arise, and when it does the responsibility is felt to be fearful, and not to be assumed without the gravest consideration. In strong contrast with this conscientious carefulness, recognizing the value of human life, is that recklessness which for the sake of money is willing to incur even the guilt of murder. This guilt rests upon many a quack, and, we fear, upon some that hold the position of reputable physicians. The business is a large one, and the victims are numerous. Now and then a glaring case obtrudes itself upon the community, and people are aroused for the moment to think of the enormity of the crime; but it is soon forgotten, and the evil is as wide-spread as ever, even more so, for it is constantly increasing. The abundant advertising which the business supports shows somewhat its extensiveness; but, after all, there is so much that is necessarily secret in its operations that no external indications give us any adequate idea of the prevalence of a crime which is sapping the foundations of society, both physical and moral. It is time that the press and the pulpit should both speak out, as they have done to some extent already, against this secret child-murder, for that is its only appropriate title. Especially is there need of this now that the evil has become so common as to come out somewhat from its secrecy, and assume even a bold attitude, as it seems to have done in some quarters. "Ladies boast to each other," says the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "of the impunity with which they have aborted, as they do of their expenditures, of their dress, of their success in society. There is a fashion in this, as in all other female customs, good or bad. The wretch whose account with the Almighty is heaviest with guilt too often becomes a heroine."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



Old Master (*affectionately*). "Good-by, Pompey; my eyes are getting dim, Pompey; I've got a long, long journey before me."

Contraband (*suggestively*). "Well, never mind, Massa Robert—him all de way down hill."

Lawyers not unfrequently come to ride in their own carriages from the clever way in which they have managed the conveyances of their clients.

Contradictory.—How can a man be at once fast, loose, and tight?

A bill, posted on the walls of an English country village, announced that "a lecture will be delivered in the open air, and a collection made at the door to defray expenses."

A Case of Luna-see.—Before matri-moon-y we love moonbeams; for a short time after we revel in the sweets of the honey-moon; a little later we complain of its moon-otony; and, last of all, we see clearly that it is all moonshine.

Dubbs, the speculator, met Stubbs, the real estate broker, in the street one windy, dusty March day, and, hailing Stubbs, asked him "how real estate was." "Well," said Stubbs, taking off his spectacles and wiping the dust out of his eyes, "real estate is very active to-day, Mr. Dubbs. Every one I meet has a speck in his eye."

Comfort for the Blanch-haired Ladies.—Whom the gods love dye young.

A hard-working, eminently pious woman once said: "I don't want to go to heaven as soon as I die, but rather to sleep in the grave a thousand years or so to get rested."

A gentleman in a suburban town buried his sixth wife last week. Shortly after the funeral he met the minister who officiated, and offered him a three-dollar greenback. The minister declined to take it, saying he was not accustomed to accept pay for such services. The gentleman coolly replied, "Just as you say; but that's what I've been in the habit of paying."

CROSS PURPOSES.

I love my charming Polly, and
My charming Polly, she
Is fond of Dick, who'd give his hand
For Fan, who doats on—*me*.

Each day I try my Poll to meet,
My Polly pines to see
Young Dick, who lounges every street
For Fan, who hunts up—*me*.

I frown when Fanny's path I cross,
Fan pouts young Dick to see,
Dick swears, the rogue! at Poll, who'll toss
Her head at sight of—*me*.

Oh, would some kindly fate transfer
Fan's love to Dick, and he
Not love my Poll, and she not care
For Dick, but sigh for *me!*

But no! it is the lot of man:
'Twas ever so, you see,
That Poll loves Dick, while Dick loves Fan,
And Fan is sweet on—somebody else.

A Yankee gentleman, escorting a British friend to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when the Yankee said, "This is the place where Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters; "did it hurt him much?" The native looked at him. "Hurt him!" said he; "he was killed, Sir." "Ah! he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eying the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer. "Well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far."

A dissipated young man, who ran away from home and spent his substance in riotous living, resolved at last to return to the paternal roof. His father was kind enough to forgive the young rascal for his wickedness, and rushing into the house, overcome with joy that the boy had returned, cried out to his wife, "Let us kill the prodigal; the calf has returned!"

Who is the smallest lady?—Minnie Mum.

An exquisite divine put the finishing touch to a marriage ceremony when he concluded by saying, "I now pronounce you husband and lady."

One of the lay speakers in a Methodist Conference down East illustrated his readiness to fraternize with the Southern brethren, and his feelings toward them, by the story of the two men that would not speak to each other; but one having been converted at a camp-meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand, saying, "How d'ye do, Kemp? I am humble enough to shake hands with a dog."

A throng of youth and beauty glide
Amid the festive scene,
The dancers close, and side by side
Upon each other lean.
But one fair maid, the queen of all,
Hath on her brow a frown,
She feels her pride will have a fall,
Her—back hair's coming down.

A Yankee youth and a pretty girl sat facing each other at a husking-party. The youth, smitten with the charms of the maiden, only ventured a shy look, and now and then touched Patty's feet under the table. The girl, determined to make the youth express what he so warmly felt, bore with these advances a little while in silence, when she cried out, "Look here! if you love me, say so, but don't dirty my stockings."

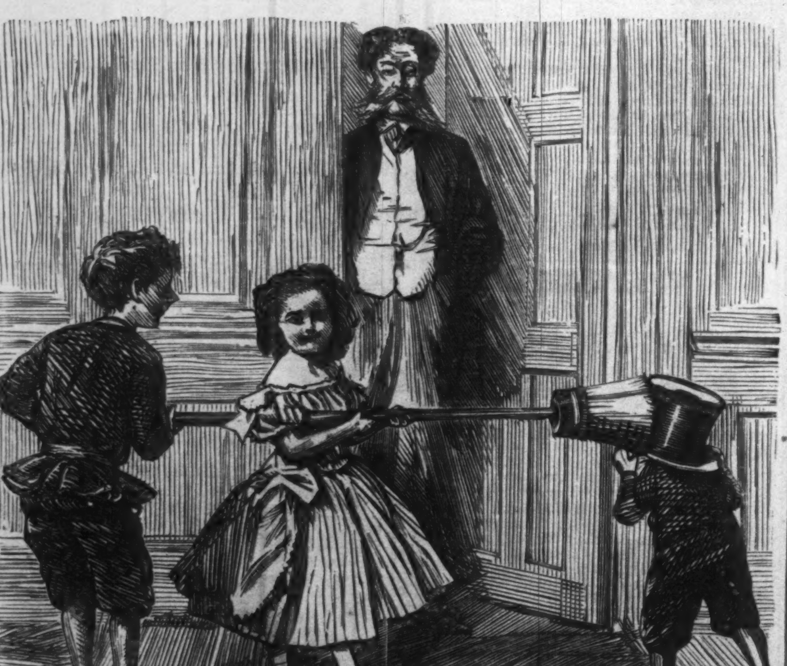
What lady is the surest cure for love?—Sue I. Sighed.

A venerable lady of a celebrated physician, one day casting her eye out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed: "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions—it appears too much like a tailor carrying home his work."

Seen-in a New Light.—The prisoners of Clichy illuminated the prison on learning that the Legislative body had passed a resolution abolishing imprisonment for debt. Of course, they could make light of a jail under such circumstances.

The late well-known Daniel O'Connell once met a conceited literary friend and exclaimed, "I saw a capital thing in your last pamphlet." "Did you?" eagerly replied his delighted listener, "what was it?" "A pound of butter?"

A lady renowned for repartee and a gentleman noted for tenacity to his own opinion were overheard in deep and earnest conversation. Says the gentleman, waxing rather warm, "Facts are stubborn things." "Then what a fact you must be!" rejoined the lady, to the gentleman's discomfort.



BRUSHING PA'S NEW HAT.

Edith. "Now, Tommy, you keep Turning slowly, till we've Done it all round."

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. McLANE'S
Celebrated Vermifuge and Liver Pills.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. FLEMING BROS., Proprietors of McLANE'S VERMIFUGE and LIVER PILLS, in this Number.

These justly celebrated remedies have been before the public for the past thirty years, during which time they have been thoroughly tested in every way, and in all parts of the United States and the Canadas, and have given universal satisfaction.

McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not recommended as cure-alls, but simply for Liver Complaints, all Bilious Diseases, Sick Headaches—for Chills and Fevers, and for derangements of the Liver.

McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is only recommended for the removal of Worms. This preparation has long been celebrated for its extraordinary power in this respect. It is also said to be an infallible cure for that terrible pest, the Tape-Worm. If the symptoms described, either for Liver Complaints or for Worms, have been or are now experienced by any, try the medicines. They can be had at all respectable Drug Stores.

Twenty-five cents expended in this way may obviate the necessity of paying many Dollars for Doctors' Bills.

"THE PEN AND PENCIL."
A New Illustrated Weekly. Every purchaser will be presented with a ticket giving an equal chance of getting a *Cash* present varying from $10,000 to $1. Price 10c., by post 13c.. Sold by Newsdealers.
T. R. DAWLEY & CO., Publishers, New York.

SAVE and MEND the PIECES.
SPALDING'S
PREPARED
GLUE.

Cheap, Convenient, and Useful for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, Paper, &c. Takes the place of ordinary Mucilage, more Economical, and more Adhesive.

25 Cents Bottle, with Brush.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND STATIONERS.

6000 Agents wanted to sell *six* new inventions, of great value to families; all pay great profits. Send 15c. and get 80 pages, or 25c. and get 80 pages and a sample gratis. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

BOOK OF MYSTERIOUS DISCLOSURES, 25 cts.
W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
Have recently Published:

THACKERAY'S PENDENNIS. A Legible, Cheap, and Handsome Edition. With numerous Illustrations by the Author, and a Portrait on Steel by Halpin after Lawrence's Picture. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

MRS. LINTON'S SOWING THE WIND. Sowing the Wind. A Novel. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Author of "Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THRILLING ADVENTURES OF DANIEL ELLIS, the great Union Guide of East Tennessee for a Period of nearly Four Years during the great Southern Rebellion. Written by Himself. Containing a Short Biography of the Author. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

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JAMES'S BANKRUPT LAW. The Bankrupt Law of the United States. 1867. With Notes, and a Collection of American and English Decisions upon the Principles and Practice of the Law of Bankruptcy. Adapted to the Use of the Lawyer and Merchant. By Edwin James, of the N. Y. Bar, and one of the Framers of the recent English Bankruptcy Amendment Act. 8vo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $3 50.

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Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

Shares, $100 Each.

The Subscription Books to the Capital Stock of the NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY of the City of New York are now open at the

NINTH NATIONAL BANK,
363 Broadway, cor. Franklin St., N. Y.,

and will remain open until the whole amount of the Capital Stock of $1,000,000 shall be subscribed.

☞ Inasmuch as the Larger Portion of the Capital has already been applied for, Immediate Application should be made by Parties desiring to secure Stock. ☜

The payments will be as follows:

10 per cent. on subscribing	$100,000
June 5, 1867, 15 per cent.	150,000
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August 1, 1867, 10 per cent.	100,000
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The average date of the above payments is September 12th, 1867.

After the 22d of May, inst., Subscribers may pay in the whole amount unpaid, and be allowed interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum from the day of payment to September 12th, 1867, that being the average day of the payment of the calls.

We have now subscribed and asked for about $800,000 of the $1,000,000, making it certain that the Stock will be taken very soon.

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WHAT IS A TRUST COMPANY?

A Trust Company is the Safest and Most Conservative of Financial Institutions. A careful perusal of the following paragraphs will amply substantiate this proposition.

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To receive money from individuals and corporations, and allow such interest as may be agreed upon.

The Company is constituted by its Charter a Legal Depository of Money paid into Court.

To accept and execute all Trusts, in reference to both real and personal estate, committed to the Company by any person or corporation, or transferred to the Company by order of any of the Courts of Record, or by any Surrogate, &c., &c.

To act as Financial Agent of State and City Governments and of Counties, in the management of their business at the financial centre of the country.

To act as Agent for foreign Banks, Bankers, Business Men, and Corporations, having business transactions in the City of New York.

GUARANTEES.

Among the Guarantees afforded by the Charter of this Company, are the following:

Every Director or Trustee must be a citizen of this State, and be a stockholder in the Company to the amount of five thousand dollars, at least.

No loan shall be made, directly or indirectly, to any trustee, officer, or employee of said Corporation.

It is not permitted to discount or deal in Commercial or Business Paper.

ON WHAT SECURITY MAY THIS COMPANY LOAN ITS DEPOSITS?

The National Trust Company can only invest the funds entrusted to it in United States Stocks, or Stocks of the State of New York or other States, or of any City incorporated by the State of New York.

Therefore, it is adapted for the investment of funds which the public desire very safe investments for. Its Stock will probably pay dividends equal to, or greater than the interest on Government securities, and deposits made in this Company will earn as liberal a rate of Interest as is possible, taking into consideration the great security.

COUPON Government Bonds, the Secretary of the Treasury says, he will pay to any holder, whether stolen or not; therefore, is it not wise to sell those COUPON Bonds and take the Stock in the National Trust Company, which will have its permanent investments in REGISTERED United States Bonds, State Stocks, and Bonds of Incorporated Cities of this State?

GENERAL REMARKS.

The success of other Trust Companies and the high prices of their stocks in the market, are sufficient evidence of the profitable character of the business, and the Trustees feel justified in recommending the Stock of this Company to capitalists and others seeking a safe investment.

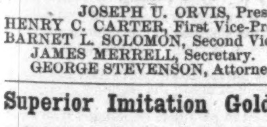
It is believed that the Stock of this Company is more desirable than that of most other moneyed corporations, and as safe as Government Securities; that the increase in the value of the Stock will be more rapid than Government Bonds, and the dividends quite equal to, if they do not exceed the interest of such Bonds.

The decision of the Secretary of the Treasury that he will pay COUPON Government Bonds to the holders whenever presented, without reference to any disputed ownership, will lead, in many cases, to the sale of such Bonds; this Company will take in exchange of its Stock any United States Bonds, 7-30 Treasury Notes, or Compound Interest Notes, at the market price, on the day of transfer.

OFFICERS FOR FIRST YEAR:

JOSEPH U. ORVIS, President.
HENRY C. CARTER, First Vice-President.
BARNET L. SOLOMON, Second Vice-President.
JAMES MERRELL, Secretary.
GEORGE STEVENSON, Attorney and Counsel.

Superior Imitation Gold Watches.



Oroide cases, a newly discovered composition, precisely like gold in appearance and keeping its color for a number of years. The cases are *finished* equal to the best gold ones, the watches are of *superior quality*, excellent time-keepers, and are each one warranted, by special certificate, to run accurately. Price $10. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch equal in appearance and as good for time as a gold watch costing $150. Sent by express, to be paid for on delivery. Also a large assortment of gold and silver American and Swiss watches. **C. E. COLLINS & CO.** 42 & 44 Nassau Street, New York.

WATERS' PIANO-FORTES.

Grand, Square, and Upright; Melodeons: Parlor, Church, Gem, and Cabinet Organs—the best manufactured—to let, and rent applied if purchased; monthly installments received. Second-hand pianos at great bargains. Factory and Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York. HORACE WATERS & CO.

THE SHIP GOLDEN STATE

HAS ARRIVED WITH

22,000 HALF CHESTS

OF THE

FINEST JAPAN TEAS

TO THE

Great American Tea Company.

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

These Teas by the ship Golden State were purchased direct from the Japanese factor, and, in consequence of the magnitude of the transaction, were transferred at about half the usual commissions. This is the largest cargo ever imported from Japan by about seven thousand packages. By this operation, the Great American Tea Company put these Teas into the hands of the consumers with but one very small profit—an achievement in commercial enterprise seldom if ever before attained. These Teas are acknowledged, both here and in Japan, as being the finest full cargo ever exported from that country.

ALSO,

THE SHIP GEORGE SHOTTON

HAS ARRIVED WITH

12,000 HALF CHESTS

OF THE

FINEST FOOCHOW OOLONG TEAS.

The cargo of the ship George Shotton is the second in size that has ever come to this port from Foochow (which is the finest Black Tea district in China). These are the "*finest first-picking contract Teas*"—rich, fresh, and full-flavored.

The receiving of these two large cargoes by the Great American Tea Company for their own trade is acknowledged by the mercantile community as the largest transactions ever made in this country. They were deemed of so much importance, that the fact was telegraphed to all the principal commercial papers in the country by their correspondents here, and thus appeared as an important news item throughout the United States at the same time.

The importance of these transactions in this market is thus noticed by the oldest and most respectable commercial paper in this city—the *N. Y. Shipping and Commercial List*—which says: "The Trade have again been startled by the arrival of two large cargoes of Teas to the Great American Tea Company—the ship Golden State, from Japan, with 22,000 half chests, and the ship George Shotton, from Foochow, with 12,000 packages." And in another place it says: "The recent large operations of the Great American Tea Company have taken the Trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this market. The taking up of two cargoes within a week, comprising 12,331 packages Black and 22,849 packages Japan, for immediate consumption, at a cost of about a million and a half of dollars, indicates the extensive nature of the Company's business, and deserves a passing notice at our hands."

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a Club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the Club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the Club can divide equitably among themselves.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

Price-List of Teas.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St., (Post-Office Box No. 5643), New York City.

The Great American Tea Company (established 1861) is recommended by the leading newspapers, religious and secular, in this and other cities, viz.:

American Agriculturist, N. Y. City, Orange Judd, Editor; Christian Advocate, N. Y. City, Daniel Curry, D.D., Editor; Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, Ohio, J. M. Reid, D.D., Editor; Christian Advocate, Chicago, Ill., Thomas M. Eddy, D.D., Editor; Evangelist, N. Y. City, Dr. H. M. Field and J. G. Craighead, Editors; Examiner and Chronicle, N. Y. City, Edward Bright, Editor; Christian Intelligencer, E. S. Porter, D.D., Editor; Independent, N. Y. City, Wm. C. Bowen, Publisher; The Methodist, Geo. R. Crooks, D.D., Editor; Moore's Rural New Yorker, Rochester, N. Y., D. D. T. Moore, Editor and Proprietor; Tribune, N. Y. City, Horace Greeley, Editor.

We call attention to the above list as a positive guaranty of our manner of doing business, as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club Lists.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of "The Great American Tea Company." Direct letters and orders to

The Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., Post-Office Box, 5643 New York City.

WATCHES,

AT TRADE PRICES.

Silver Hunting Lever Watches, $12 and $18.
Silver Hunting Extra Duplex Watches, $18.
Ladies' 18 carat Gold Hunting Lever Watches, $43.
Ladies' 18 carat Gold Hunting Lepine Watches, $35.
Ladies' 10 carat Gold Hunting Lepine Watches, $28.
Gents' 18 carat Gold Hunting Lever Watches, $67.

Watches of every description equally low. Watches sent by express C. O. D., with privilege of examination before payment. Address all orders to

HAZARD, MOORE & CO., Importers,
120 Broadway, New York.

PELLATITE! NO GRAY HAIR.

A new scientific wonder for changing Gray Hair to a silky brown or black color. Prof. Esmeraldo's Pellatite is prepared from the juice of the fruit of the Brazilian Shrub, Anthemis Pyrethum. It combines a hair color restorer and an elegant dressing. It imparts its color to the human hair only. Will not stain the skin or clothing. Contains no minerals nor chemicals. Free from sediment. Is perfectly harmless. Sold at 21 Park Row, 268 4th Ave., and by druggists.

THE greatest success of the age.—35,000 copies of the new edition of WELLS'S EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER and business form book sold in six weeks. Agents are making from $10 to $25 a day. The work embraces 650 large 12mo pages of information indispensable to every business man and woman, and is sold at the low price of $2. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. For full particulars and terms to agents address BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED.

EXPERIENCED BOOK AGENTS wanted for a new standard religious publication. Liberal terms. Exclusive territory allotted. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

AGENTS WANTED, also, for a popular work, "The Thrilling Adventures of Daniel Ellis, the Great Union Guide of East Tennessee during the Rebellion." Send for circulars and terms. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

New and Beautiful Songs by Dr. Ordway.

"Somebody's Darling Slumbers Here." *Song and Chorus.* Suggested by a visit to Gettysburg. 30 cts. "Still He Kept Thinking." *Song and Chorus.* Founded on an Incident at the Battle of the Wilderness. 30 cts. "Come, Darling, Come to the Spirit Land." *Song and Chorus.* 30 cts. "Something Sweet to Think of." *Song and Chorus.* 30 cts. Sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

TENNESSEE Swamp Shrub Balsam, for improving the Beard and Mustache. For history, testimonials, and *Sample*, address John Rawlins, Box 5274, NY.

New Music.

Again I meet thee as of old, by W. C. Baker, 35 cents; I lang hae lo'ed thee, Lassie (Scotch), by Stockbridge, 30 cents; Jersey Blue, by Burton, 30 cents; Parepa Polka, by C. M. Hattersley, 35 cents; I-am-ready Waltz, by Chas. Fradel, 50 cents; Subito (sudden) Mazurka, by J. De Jasienski, 50 cents.

C. M. TREMAINE, Publisher, 481 Broadway, N. Y.

THE GREAT RADICAL NEWSPAPER.

Forney's Weekly Press.

The most valuable Weekly Newspaper in the World.

GREAT REDUCTION.

READ THE TERMS.

One Copy,	$2 00	per annum.
Five Copies,	9 00	" "
Ten Copies,	17 50	" "
Twenty Copies,	23 00	" "

To the getter up of a club of ten or more copies an extra copy will be given. All orders should be addressed to

JOHN W. FORNEY,
Editor and Proprietor,
S.W. cor. Seventh and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.

REMEMBER

That Sickness at the Stomach, Pain between the Shoulders and in the Right Side, Yellow Suffusion of the Skin, Costiveness, Drowsiness, and Languor, Dimness of Sight, Colic, Palpitation of the Heart, Dry Cough, Low Fever, and other symptoms which indicate the various phases of Acute and Chronic Liver Complaint, are one and all, promptly relieved, and finally removed, by the action of that famous preparation

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,

which is at once the best of correctives, the gentlest and most genial of aperients, an infallible regulator, and a powerful restorative. Persons of a bilious habit, who use the Bitters as a protective medicine, will never suffer the pains and penalties of Liver disease or Bilious Remittent Fever. No words can do justice to its

MARVELOUS PROPERTIES.

It stands pre-eminent among the health-restoring preparations of the age, and every year adds to its fame, not only in this country, but throughout the civilized world.

ALSBERG'S GALAKTINE.

A

Perfect Substitute for MOTHER'S MILK,

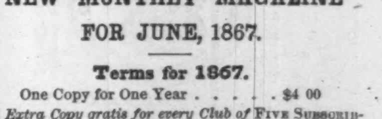
And Food for Invalids.

The great safeguard against all Summer Complaints. 50 cent cans. Sold by all Druggists.

HALL & RUCKEL, 218 Greenwich St., N. Y.

HEIRS WANTED. A complete list of heirs to Estates in Europe furnished for $1 by REDDEN BROS., P.O. Box 530, Washington, D.C. Refer to Allen Copp & Nisbet, Bankers, St. Louis, Mo.

Watches sent by Express for $4. On receipt of $4 will send to any address, C.O.D., $4, one solid Gold Com. Hunting-Case Watch, with vest chain. G. Thistleton, 181 Broadway, 2d floor, rooms 3 and 4.



FISHING TACKLE,

In all its varieties, for sale by A. DRAPER, No. 53 Nassau St., one door from Maiden Lane, New York.

WHISKERS.

LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will will force Whiskers on the smoothest face. Price by mail, 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

COMMENCEMENT OF VOLUME XXXV.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1867.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year	$4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . .	1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 50 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

Terms to Advertisers.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

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